

SPECIAL
REPORT:

ARE AMERICAN WOMEN TOO SEXY?

MAN'S ACTION

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CULTS!

A 50¢ JUNE

SECRET NUDE WEAPONS OF ST. BELVEDERE

—Daring Expose:—

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SEX
IN THE MOD SHOPS!



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FACTS**

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WOMEN IN THE
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MINES**



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MAN'S ACTION

Vol. 8
No. 12

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1970

THE EXCITING MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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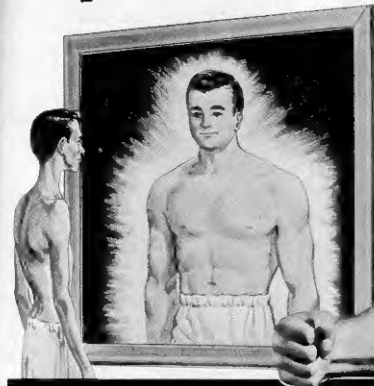
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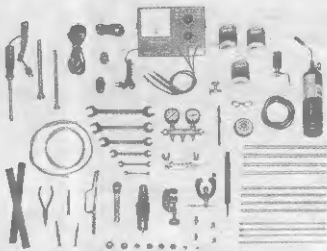
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ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH

On her deathbed, the woman confessed to her husband: "Jerry, I have deceived you with the milkman." Her husband stared at her and then smiled, "Well, darling, why do you think I gave you the arsenic?"

★ ★ ★

A man was explaining the habits of his female friend to an acquaintance. "She's some girl. She has to get real tight before she can really loosen up."

★ ★ ★

Coming back from a football game, the farmer's son dropped the football in the yard. Chancing upon it, the rooster called the hens around him and said, "Now ladies, I don't want to appear ungrateful or raise any unnecessary fuss, but I do want you to see what's being done in other yards."



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Especially when I remember how sorry everyone felt for me because I couldn't go on to college with the others in my high school class. "How are you ever going to make it now?" people kept asking me. "Without college, it's a losing battle. Everybody knows that!"

Well, the college boys left for school, and I got my first job. And it was tough going for a while, I'll admit that—one dull, routine thing after another. From pumping gas to driving a cab to working on an assembly line in a factory. I worked hard but never "struck it big."

Then I read an announcement like this one about the opportunities in Electronics.

I discovered that, with proper training, I could have my pick of thousands of glamour jobs—in fields like radio and TV broadcasting, automation, computer servicing, or even the aerospace program.

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And—most important—I realized how easy it would be to get the training I needed to break into this great field. The announcement said I could learn everything I needed to know, right at home in my spare time, with a home study course from the Cleveland Institute of Electronics.

Well, to make a long story short, I enrolled with CIE. I found that their courses had taken what seemed like a complicated subject and broken it down into easy steps. Sympathetic instructors sent me letters helping me over the rough spots. I really learned fast. And here I am now, a respected Electronics man—earning so much money I still have to pinch myself.

Thanks to CIE, I don't have to envy the college boys anymore. In fact, there are some that envy me!

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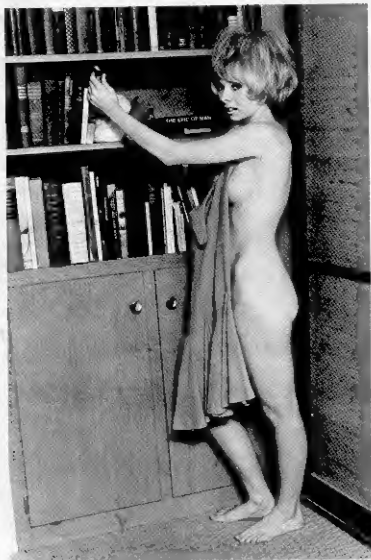
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... Since 1934



MC-17

The Most Beautiful Girls in the World

We say the world is lovely and that loveliness is enough. And beauty being the best of all we know, from the Azores to Zanzibar, we're sure these lovelies will appeal to the most discriminating of roving eyes. So wander through the following pages . . . and your eyes will tell you where to rest.



**PROVEN IN THE LABS — PROVEN IN THE ROAD —
PROVEN ON THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY
— and finally released to the public!**

3 G.P.T. ENERGY CHAMBERS IN ONE TANK OF GAS!

— even more startling, now save up to \$18 a month,
up to 50 gallons of gas each month,
without changing a single part on your car!

Laboratory reports ... PLUS road tests conducted on Indianapolis proving grounds reveal you may now get as much as 37 miles of driving from each gallon of gas ... save up to 50 gallons of gas each month ... save up to \$200 a year on your car!

Six months ago, for perhaps the first time in history, the United States Government issued patent protection to an invention that has been classified **ILLEGAL**. Sound strange? Not really. Here's why: I'm not your "average" fellow with the famous garage mechanic's touch. I'm an inventor of the future. I've got the remarkable new invention described on this page is actually **ILLEGAL** from these tests because it is **TOO EFFECTIVE**. Do you know that because this invention saves so much gasoline, that because it gives so much economy, it is actually **ILLEGAL** for a test-driver to file one on his car? And do you know that because it boosts gasoline mileage up to 37 more miles per gallon ... it has actually been **OUTLAWED** in every recognized cross-country economy race ... simply because the officials who conduct their tests were forced to rule that it gives all cars that have it an **UNFAIR ADVANTAGE**.

In other words, if you are a person planning on entering one of these cross-country economy runs ... then this invention is not for you. **YOU JUST WON'T BE ALLOWED TO TAKE THIS NEW INVENTION ALONG!** BUT IT'S SIMPLY **ILLEGAL** BUT — if you are a person who is not interested in acting any record ... who is only interested in getting more miles per gallon than you ever dreamed possible ... and doing it the very same way that many of America's leading corporations are doing at this very moment ... then what you need is **THE G.T. ENERGY CHAMBER** ... and it's perhaps the most thrilling and exciting news in automotive history.

TEST DRIVERS REPORT UP TO 37 MORE MILES PER GALLON!
The name of this great new invention is the **G.T. ENERGY CHAMBER** ... and there is no better way to describe to you the increased performance and economy it will give you ... than to tell you of the "combined effect" it had on research laboratories and test-drivers, who simply refused to believe their own gasoline gauges when they first tried it on their cars.

CUTS GASOLINE COSTS TO AS LITTLE AS 16 A MILE
I want the **G.T. ENERGY CHAMBER** was first tested by the same research laboratories and by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler. The results were just what you're looking for — a staggering increase of up to 37 more miles per gallon!

LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!

All you do is simply attach the **G.T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on your fuel line in a position in front of the carburetor with a special quick-install kit that there are no special adjustments for you to make. Then, as a bonus, we'll make for you at the factory, to a simple screw it in place ... and that's all! In fact, it's so easy you need not have a single thing about engine or motor ... and still enjoy the benefits of this revolutionary new invention. Total savings on gas: up to \$200 a year!

1. When tests were made by the world's leading auto rental system with this incredible money saving invention ... and then test run on the road and on such world-famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speedway ... the test-drivers of these vehicles were absolutely amazed to see how a cylinder engine and better gas mileage than small European economy cars!
2. When tests were made by the world's leading auto rental system with this incredible money saving invention ... and then test run on the road and on such world-famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speedway ... the test-drivers of these vehicles were absolutely amazed to see how a cylinder engine and better gas mileage than small European economy cars!
3. When large test drivers and some of the nation's largest taxi fleets tested this great new invention to determine just how much gas it would save them ... the results were so dramatic that within 30 days they reported savings of not hundreds ... but thousands of gallons of gas the very first month alone!

UP TO 500 MILES OF DRIVING FROM A SINGLE TANK OF GAS!
Yes, from your test ... road tests, laboratory tests, tests by some of the world's most famous drivers ... come results that are truly amazing!

BEST PROOF OF ALL!
World's Leading Race-A-Car Company Road-Tests Amazing New Invention For 3 Solid Months ... Then Orders For 3000 More ... **IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED!**
They report "savings of up to \$4 per gallon ... a mere 16¢ per gallon!"
Yes, from one of the nation's largest auto rental fleets ... comes the most dramatic proof of all ... A company that spends more money on gasoline in one week than they do the average person spends in a lifetime ... they tested this incredible new invention and here is what they found: **EXCEEDED GASOLINE MILEAGE A WHOLE LOT!** **37% ON ALL CARS TESTED!** Wouldn't you like to save up to \$200 a year on your car? For full details read the rest of this page.

ports of cars that drive for hundreds and hundreds of miles ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS! Reports of test cars from General Motors, Chrysler that get more miles per gallon (and then they were tested by Ford). Reports of test cars that weigh 3 1/2 times more than small European cars ... yet get better mileage, better performance and huge dollar savings thanks to this new miracle invention.

IF IT WORKS SUCH MILEAGE MIRACLES, NOW COULD THE MANUFACTURERS HAVEN'T INSTALLED THIS TYPE UNIT IN THEIR CARS? **THE ANSWER IS THAT TWO ALREADY HAVE!**

My now you are probably wondering just what is the **G.T. ENERGY CHAMBER** and how does it work? Well, to make a long story short ... if you were to look under the hood of one of these 37,000 European luxury cars (like the Mercedes or the Aston-Martin), you would see sitting in those engines ... a special gasoline ... especially designed to extract more burning power, more energy from each gallon of gas ... This remarkable booster-unit is what gives these cars such magnificent performance ... such TOTAL ... such increase in engine efficiency. And this is precisely what the **G.T. ENERGY CHAMBER** is designed to do ... enable your engine to extract more burning-driving power, more raw, blast energy and more gasoline economy ...

Yes, proven at Indianapolis — proven in the same test laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler ... proven by the world's largest auto rental system ... no matter what kind of gas you use ... no matter what kind of car you own you can now run up to 100 miles of driving in one month after month and fill your gas-tank as little as once a month ... and have up to 500 gallons of gas 100 miles at driving a day all 365 days of the year ... and have up to 500 gallons of gas each year!

HERE IT IS — IN ACTION — The miracle **G.T. ENERGY CHAMBER**, caught by the eye of ultra high-speed cameras at one of the world's most famous proving grounds. Yes, test on the big "wing" corralle you see diametric picture-proof of tests conducted by leading automotive authorities at the Indianapolis Speedway ... tests that PROVE you can now actually take ordinary gasoline ... feed it into your engine in a new and different way ... trigger it into instant-driving energy ... and unleash a blinding source of power for your car, for full documented proof of just how this amazing new discovery can save you up to \$200 in gasoline bills in the next 12 months ... read the rest of this page. (Tests performed by official Indianapolis test driver.)

ONLY, instead of costing \$100 to \$150 (like the European booster-unit) ... the **G.T. ENERGY CHAMBER** costs but a mere fraction of that price!
That's because after years of intensive research automotive experts have finally found a way to simplify these booster units ... reduce the number of parts in each unit ... miss production then slash costs to a mere fraction of the cost and make them available at a price so low it's almost no ridiculous to mention. Why do you realize what this means to you if you are a person who is determined to save yourself up to 50 gallons of gas each month ... up to \$200 a year on wasted gasoline?

INSTALLS IN MINUTES — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN AS LITTLE AS 16 DAYS!
It means that no matter how old your car you may have ... no matter how old that car may be ... no matter how many miles you have driven ... here it just is the automotive discovery you've long dreamed about ... and has now come true. Because from this day on you too can now save up to 50 gallons of gas each and every year. NOW you too can drive for weeks and weeks on end without ever stopping at a service station. Now you too can drive across 6 states of the union on just a single tank of gas. It's a trail from New York ... Chicago on just 2 or 3 tanks!

think! In other words, perform mileage miracles that only yesterday you thought were impossible.
So if you too want to achieve the same wondrous results as America's largest automotive fleet owner, by Indianapolis test-drivers, and by research scientists at the very same testing laboratories used by Ford, Chrysler and General Motors, then take advantage of this special Free-Trial introductory offer. Remember, all you risk is the few minutes it takes to fill out the special reservation coupon below, and you have a lifetime of driving convenience and economy to gain.

THIS OFFER EXPIRES IN 16 DAYS — YOU MUST ACT NOW!
Now the price of the **G.T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on this special in-store offer is not the \$5 or 20 dollars you might expect ... but only \$1.95! Why, you'll save up to 10 times that amount in gasoline savings in no time at all ... not to mention the hundreds of gallons of gasoline and hundreds of dollars in money you save every year after you.
However, due to the enormous demands of meeting consumer, commercial companies, taxicab fleets and other large users only a limited number of **G.T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** can possibly be allocated each month for consumer orders. Therefore, all orders must be made on a first-come, first-served basis. So to take advantage of this limited introductory offer ... act now ... **today!**

ORDER TODAY — ON FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

**AMERICAN AUTOMOTIVE UNITS INC. DEPT. 1134
4606 BERGENLINE AVENUE UNION CITY, N.J. 07087**

Please ... with me the personal **G.T. Energy Chamber** immediately! I understand the price is \$1.95 for which I enclose cash, check or money order. If I am not satisfied I may return the unit anytime for full purchase price refund if I am not fully satisfied.

Name of Car _____ Year _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SPECIAL OFFER Purchase one for yourself and one for a friend and save even more. Order two **G.T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** for just 1.95 (a savings of \$1.90) each. Make of course. Make of course.

() C.O.D. orders enclose \$1.00 deposit. Same money back guarantee.

The GLACIER GIRL'S STRANGE JUSTICE

The naked injustice of his crime was exposed when the woman revealed the bare facts.

By PRESTON WILKENS

ON DECEMBER 10, 1920, a naked white man was led out of the roadhouse in the Mackenzie Delta settlement called Italuk. The white man was manacled, and he was led past the silent community of about 150 people, about 75% of whom were native Eskimos, to the outskirts of the settlement where his shackles were taken off.

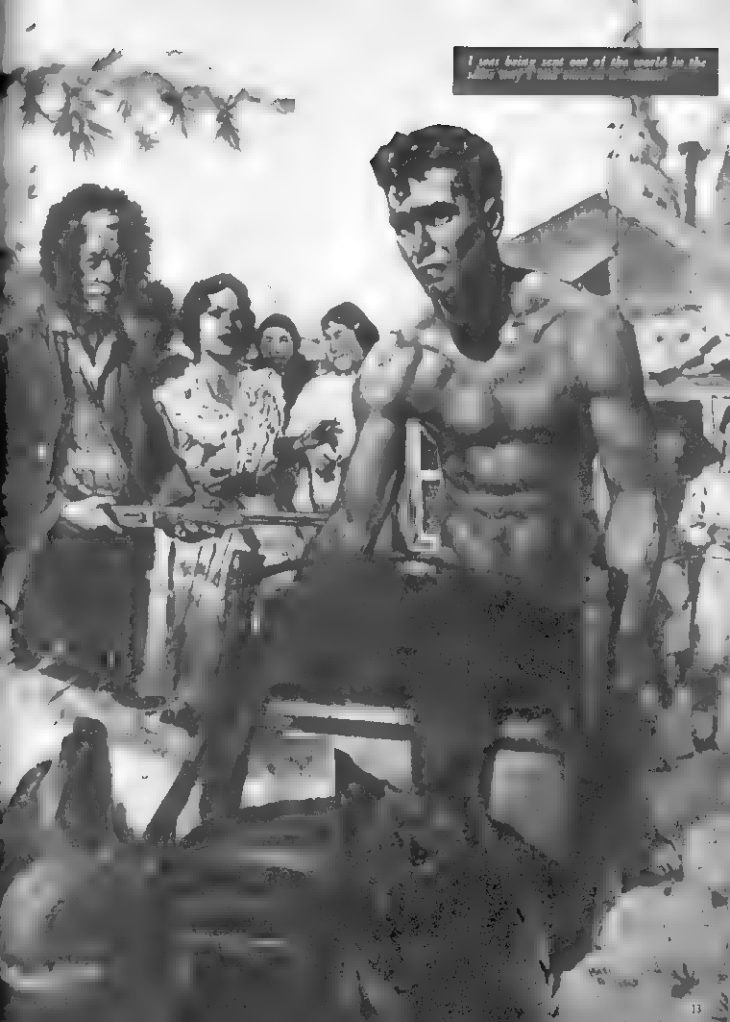
At the edge of Italuk the white man was motioned to a sled and a team of huskies. He moved to the sled and took the traces in his hands. He slipped a notebook on to the sled itself, wedging it in between two pieces of wood. This was the diary he had been keeping, even through the days of his imprisonment.

The white prisoner and his preparations for his journey had been watched in complete silence by the handful of white men who had come to see him off, and by the Eskimos, male and female, who were gathered around the dog team and sled.

Ahead of the white prisoner was a journey of 120 miles to the next town over ice and snow. He had no provisions, no food, no weapons. The temperature was 48° below zero. The journey itself was a punishment meted out to the white man for the rape of an Eskimo woman.

There was only one complication to the punishment. And it was not a minor one. The white prisoner had to make the journey absolutely, completely, stark naked. (Continued on next page)

*I was being sent out of the world in the
same way I had entered it.*



It was the one condition the Eskimos had insisted on—the rapist had to be in exactly the same condition as the Eskimo girl had been during her ordeal—naked.

The white man cured. He threw a clod of ice at the dogs and started them off. He ran barefoot. For one hundred and twenty miles he would have to keep moving. One moment of rest—and he would freeze solid in minutes.

Would he be able to keep alive?

I FIRST HEARD OF THIS UNUSUAL punishment in a rape case involving a native woman when I settled in Itluuk in 1936 for a nine month period for the purpose of doing an anthropomorphological study of the customs of the Eskimos as influenced by the white man's civilization. I interviewed both Eskimos and white men, and it was when I began to work with the elders of the community, the men and women in their late sixties and early seventies that I ran into eyewitness accounts of the punishment that had been passed on William Macon some 40 years before, and the strange result of that punishment.

Sidak, an elderly male Eskimo with a skin as tough as shark leather, was the man who presented me once I had gained his friendship, with the diary of William Macon preserved these 40 years by the oilskins in which it had been wrapped. The following story of the rape committed by William Macon and his punishment has been put together from his diary and from interviews with Sidak and other natives. Let Sidak's version start off the beginning of the story of the rape.

"UMLAK THE HUNTER was out stalking a seal," Sidak said, "when he was seen by William Macon, the white man with the red hair. Macon knew that Umlak's woman, Noashak, would be alone in their igloo for several hours. Noashak was a beautiful girl, one quarter white, and Macon determined to go to her while her husband was gone.

"But Umlak made a fast kill. Seal blood stained the snow as Umlak pulled out his snowknife and cut a small incision in the abdomen of the seal. He was performing his rite of thanks to Nuliyuk, the water hunting god. Into that incision went Umlak's hand, and he drew out the seal's liver, red and smoking. He stuffed this into his mouth and swallowed it greedily following it with handfuls of blubber, for a hunter must eat. Finally Umlak melted some snow in his mouth and spat it into the seal's mouth. The seal, being a salt water animal, he knew, thirsted for fresh water. When it reached the place where dead seals went, it would tell other seals to let Umlak, the hunter, catch them, for he would give them fresh water, too."

The ceremony over, Umlak began the trek with his kill to his igloo where his wife, Noashak, was waiting. It was her job to butcher the seal.

When Umlak returned to his igloo and dragged the seal inside with him, his wife, Noashak, was waiting for him with a strange story to tell. And while they ate of the heap of dried Arctic trout that lay on the snow floor and hacked frozen chips of the seal and stuffed them in their mouths and mixed it with handfuls of rice and caribou meat which Noashak had cooked, and drank mug after

mug of black tea, they discussed her story of the visit she had received from the red-haired white man they knew by the name of Red Macon.

"I thought," Noashak said, "he wanted to make pleasure with me on the iglerk, the snow couch, but he left in a hurry when I told him I could hear the dogs and that you must have made a quick kill."

Umlak thought about this for a moment. "Yes," he said, nodding in agreement. "I would have been glad to make him welcome by offering him my wife. So that you could make pleasure with him in the caribou sleeping bag."

HUSBAND AND WIFE were silent for a few minutes as they concentrated on chewing on the frozen seal meat. Umlak had been thinking all the time, however, for now he spoke. "Were you insulted that he left without making pleasure with you on the iglerk?"

Noashak hung her head. "A little," she said. "Maybe he does not think I am desirable."

Umlak shook his head. "No," he said. "He probably knew it was not right to make pleasure with you while I was gone. He knows that I would be happy to lend him my wife, and that it is not right for a white man to take her when I am not here."

"He could have waited for you to come back," Noashak said. "To give you the honor of borrowing your wife."

"He had business elsewhere," Umlak said abruptly, throwing the seal meat on the floor. He had filled his belly and now it was time to attend to his wife. Somehow the thought of the white man's visit excited him. He took off his boots and furs and crawled naked into the caribou bag and motioned to Noashak to join him. Soon they were making pleasure. "This," Umlak said, "the white man could have enjoyed if he had only remained. Maybe he will come back some day and I will lend my wife to him and we will be friends again."

After I left Umlak's wife and igloo, Red Macon had written in his diary, "I went back to the cache and got the rabbit and fox furs I had gotten from the Eskimo's trapline and I took them on to the trader in Itluuk. Big Charlie Connors paid me for them, and then I asked him about Noashak, figuring I could find out from him just how she could be had." (Continued on page 46)



Only fear of the white lawmen kept Umlak from murder!



NATASHA GERLICK

Petite, piquant and perky, little Natasha is the embodiment of the old saying, "good things come in small packages." Five-foot-two, 108 pounds, blonde hair, blue eyes—they all add up to a torrid little bundle of dynamite in any man's lan-



guage! Natasha, as you may guess from these pictures, is a swinger. She likes to be where the action is—parties, discotheques, love-ins, what-have you? "I like my men to be flexible," she says. "They should be the kind of guys who are competent in many situations—after all, I want them to take care of me—not the other way



round." She has a great deal of poise and confidence, as you can see from her pert and saucy posing. She may be small in stature, but we predict a big future for this delectable Miss. Somewhere, somehow, someone along the way will discover her, and then BIG things will happen! Could it be you?



THEY'RE SELLING



By Allen Crawford

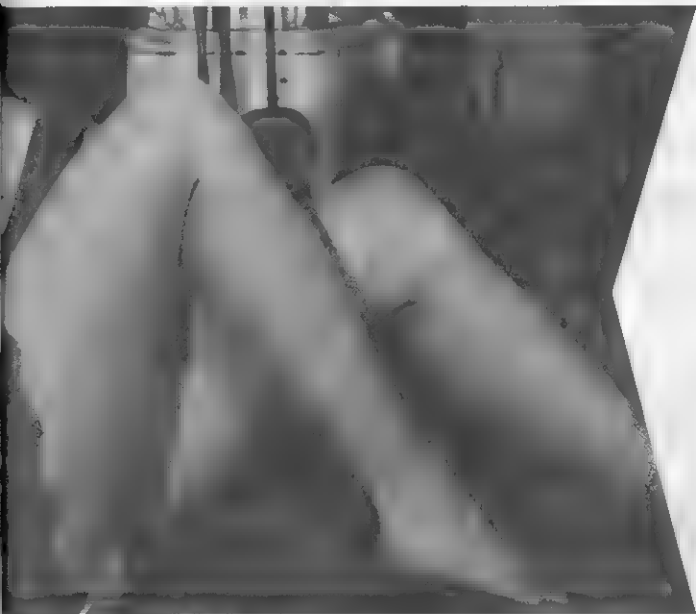
The mod clothing shop in Greenwich Village was crowded with lovely teenage girls trying on the latest, wildest micro-skirt fashions from England. And the black-haired manageress in a sleeveless, silver blouse and shimmering silver micro-skirt was worried about the well-dressed man who was staring intently at a salesgirl modeling a golden see-through dress.

"No, I don't think my niece would like that one either," the man said, as he puffed

on his pipe. Then he seemed to realize how many dresses the girl had modeled. "I'll just take that gold lame micro-skirt with the matching gold bikini-panties," he added quickly, and jerked out an expensive bill-fold.

"Thank God," the black-haired girl said. "I was afraid he might be a problem. Many men do come here to shop for their young wives or nieces or daughters, of course. But many more men come to get their sexual

Mod clothing stores are springing up all over the country. But the young sexy girls who work there are offering more than clothes!



IN THE MOD SHOPS!

kicks, baby. They've seen all the lovely, young girls on television or on the street, and then they discover shops like this, and it's like paradise to them. You can spot them after a while, and this guy was potential trouble. He's the kind that wants the girl to meet him in a hotel room later, and model the clothes again."

This New York shop is only one of hundreds of wild, micro-shops in the country's large cities that are helping to create the

fantastic sexual revolution in the United States.

And this mod-fashion craze of see-through dresses and short skirts is no underground happening. The stores cater to a market of teenagers who spend some 18 billion dollars a year on clothing, as well as a post-teen market which spends many billion dollars trying to look mod and young.

Though the stores flourish in Bohemian neighborhoods, they

(Continued on page 58)

Editor's Note: Mark Johnston, a former combat sergeant with the 90th Division, landed in Normandy on D-Day, 1944, and fought his way across the Cotentin peninsula with the 357th Regiment. He was awarded the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart with cluster. He is presently a newspaperman in Kansas City. . . .

ON JUNE 15TH, 1944, the second platoon of Baker Company of the 357th Regiment, the 90th Division, was ordered to set up a roadblock in and hold the small town of St. Belvedere. I was a squad leader in that platoon.

St. Belvedere looked like nothing on the map. It consisted of little more than a cluster of houses. But it sat right on a road junction. Any Kraut Mark IV tanks that wanted to bull their way down the Argine-St. Belvedere road and make a push for the beach head had to go through St. Belvedere. The only alternative was to go out into the fields, and that meant going through one hedgerow—bocage country—after another. That way (Continued on page 51)

By MARK JOHNSTONE



SECRET NUDE WEAPONS OF ST. BELVEDERE

"Try not to hurt the women," he shouted. "That's what those blasted Nazis want us to do!"



They fought the Nazis with whatever weapons they could lay their hands on—and the most effective weapon they had was called women!



"Well, you have all the pets you want, now
I want one of my own."

PETS 'n PRETTIES

By VIC
MARTIN



"Sure, I know you're
just admiring her dog!"



"Have him back no later than 3:30!"



"Your dog is suffering from lack of love . . . our rehabilitation program starts with the owners."

LYNN CHARLES

... and in this corner, at 125 pounds, from Oklahoma City, is a chick who's guaranteed to knock you off your feet! No, Lynn Charles isn't a famous boxer, but she may very well be the champ, and she might even look pretty good in a ring. She isn't wearing one yet, though, and doesn't plan to for a very long





time. She planning on a long and successful career at being the number one top-heavyweight contender. And as if being magnificently top-heavy weren't enough, she's got the kind of class that counts everywhere else, too. Lynn likes dating men who are interested in stock



car racing, surfing, and almost anything as long as it's something filled with thrills and excitement. She's a wild one, all right, and if she's your kind of chick, you can be sure that this is the champ. Can you think of anything better than pictures of the chick-champ?



THERE'S MAN AND MONEY-MAD CUTIES PLUS

\$11,000,000 IN TREASURE

TO BE FOUND IN COSTA RICA

He knew what men would do for \$11,000,000 dollars, but when he learned what 3 beautiful women would do for just a share of the tropical treasure he was hunting, he joined forces with them.

Editor's Note: An authority on treasure locations, Mr. Stratton has dug and dived his way to a small fortune. The following true account is excerpted from a book of his adventures, which will appear the latter part of the year.

THE LAW CONCERNING TREASURE HUNTING

United States law regarding Treasure: "Coin, gold, silver plate or similar articles hidden for safe keeping and forgotten or remaining undiscovered, by reason of death of the person who hid them, are technically known as Treasure Trove. . . . Treasure Trove is where any money is found in the earth, but not lying upon it, and no man knows to whom it belongs."

In present day terms this includes paper money!

"A finder of treasure trove is entitled thereto, as against the owner of the land where the treasure was found, and all the world except the true owner, in the absence of statute, but the owner of the land is entitled to property other than treasure trove, embedded in its soil. The owner of the soil in which treasure trove is found acquires no title thereto, by virtue of his ownership of the land."

To dig for treasure get the landowner's permission—otherwise you are guilty of trespass—in a written agreement that includes:

1. Names of parties searching.
2. Reason for searching.
3. Agreement on division of treasure.

If land is State owned permission must be obtained from the State. Most states do not demand any percentage of the find.

I THOUGHT, FOR A MOMENT, I was seeing double, then triple, and in a flash there were six of them striding into my office. Six of the most gorgeous gals I've ever seen this side of the equator. I rubbed my eyes in disbelief, swung my long legs crossed atop my desk to the floor, but they were real women. stark, semi-naked real women in bikinis—the briefest I'd ever seen! And right then and there, I had a premonition that my long-delayed hunting trip to Cody, Wyo., to bag an eight-pointed buck that I'd been promising myself was in peril. As a ship salvage-seeker, treasure hunter, marine supplier, and jack-of-all-sea trades, I'd been holed up on Goose Island for years. I wanted to get the taste of brine out of my mouth for a while, the smell of salt out of my nostrils. But as that sexy sextette slipped into my office, I knew it would be some time before I'd be back in the States thrashing after that buck.

I bounced to my feet, unconsciously fingered the three-day stubble on my face. I wasn't attired to receive such delectable company. My shirt was grimy, my white ducks smeared with caulking compound, and the big toe of my right foot poked out of my sneaker. "Pardon the appearance, ladies," I said, lamely. "But you took me by surprise. The only thing that's come into this sun-beaten shack the last couple of weeks was a lost crayfish. Where'd you come from?"

"Doesn't matter," said one of them, a tall blonde with a bosom that made Jayne Mansfield look like a little girl. "It's where we're going that counts!"

"You go off-course racing your shell for Vassar in a regatta?" I quipped, still marveling. "Maybe you're survivors of a sunken showboat, or maybe I'm dreaming and you're just mermaids!"

A brunette bustled up to me, and she sure had a bustle. "When you're through clowning, mister, I'll explain. We're showgirls. We were in a show touring the upper regions of South America when our producer lammed with the dough, stranding us. We were wondering how we'd pony up passage dough back home when Carol, that's the cutie with the pigtails over there, Carol remembered that a local señor had confided to her that there was a lot of moolah stashed in Cocos Island."

I furrowed my brow in surprise. "On that parched strip of land, money?" I asked, incredulously.

"A treasure that could be converted into money," Carol chimed in.

THE WHOLE PLOT SUDDENLY exploded in my face. "You mean, you want me to pilot you to that so-called treasure?"

"That's your job, being a guide, isn't it?" said the brunette. "Her one-night stand boyfriend told Carol exactly where it is, so all we have to do is lower away and hook into the gold. 'We can't pay you now,' she continued, 'but we'll cut you in on a percentage basis.'"

I scanned the six of them, voluptuous, desirable, a gal in every porthole. For the time being, there were other ways to snare my fee. I'd be the skipper on a floating harem! "Well, I did have other plans," I started to say.

Carol brushed up to me, playfully fanned me with one of her pigtails. Her violet eyes smiled, like neon signs blinking "welcome." "Plans can be unmade, you know," she said, softly. And right then and there, I knew that the eight-pointed buck waiting for me at Cody would have to wait a little longer.

"Okay, pardners, you've got yourself a hired hand," I said, waving them in and indicating some rickety chairs. I watched them making themselves comfortable, sitting, straddling my desk, lying down on

By PETE STRATTON



There's always a risk in any treasure hunt, but the value of this one makes it worth taking.



In some areas precautions must be taken against underwater terrors, if tragedy is to be avoided.

the canvas cot, all the while playing a game with myself of "Eenie, meenie, mine, mo." Which would be the first in this round-robin romance? "What's the pitch?" I asked.

PAULINE, THE BIG BRUNETTE who seemed to be the mouthpiece for the sorority, plopped a cigarette between her sensuous lips, lit it, sent a spiral of smoke ceilingward. "I'll give you part of it now, and the other half later, you know, like tearing up a dollar bill to make sure you keep your part of the bargain. The loot, like we said, is on Cocos Island—"

"Hold everything," I broke in. "Right off the bat, we've got a sensitive situation. Costa Rica, which has jurisdiction over the island, has some ground rules about treasure hunting. You've got to be okayed, get a license, post a bond, and be accompanied by a naval escort, with you footing all expenses. Any fortune recovered, Costa Rica grabs one half. I can take care of some of the arrangements. How much dough have you gals got collectively?"

THE 22 BUCKS THEY had between them wasn't enough to fuel the escort's Diesels. But after they were reassured by my promise to attend to all the details, Pauline went on. "Cocos Island, as you must know, was a favorite burial spot for pirates' loot. Well, not long ago, a captain named Bennett Graham turned to prating using the name of Benito Bonito and a brig called the *Devonshire*, which he replaced with a Spanish ship he seized, the *Relampago*. He made a number of quick kills—200 tons of silver bars, 50 tons of gold coins, almost 1000 gold bricks, 300 jewel-studded gold swords. The loot was estimated at \$11,000,000. Bonito buried his huge hoard in a Cocos Island cave, which he took the precaution of sealing with a man-made landslide. A short time later, a British man-o-war caught Bonito with his pirate's flag up,

(Continued on page 46)



He was trapped in a
but of bestial desire
presence of a man
fought over him like
a pack of wild animals

years of love
and finally by
and much
most the

THE

MAN-STARVED WOMEN in THE BOLIVIAN TIN MINES

By HARRY
WEST



The peasant girls toiled desperately, their glossy black hair and their round high breasts shaking with every movement.

Editor's Note: The author, an American mining engineer, worked for European interests that controlled the Bolivian tin mines prior to 1952, when the tin industry was nationalized. He was subsequently hired by the Bolivian government to investigate suspected abuses by some of the new managers who turned their way into control of the mines. His efforts led to the ouster and arrest of several of these illegal operators.

I FLATTENED MYSELF against the tunnel wall as soon as I saw the light. It was a weak yellow glow bobbing up and down, far off in the gloom of the narrow-gauge track that traversed the mine tunnel. Slowly, it approached my hiding place, a narrow side tunnel partially concealed by a heap of shale.

As the light came closer, I could hear the sound—animal-like grunts of someone who was short of breath.

And then I saw her.

The light came from a lantern on her miner's cap. The cap was all the clothes she was wearing. Harnessed like a draft mare, a nude girl was pulling a loaded ore car down the track. While her bare feet felt for the wooden ties between the rails, she strained at her burden, as great rivulets of sweat poured down her naked body.

(Continued on page 43)

ARE AMERICAN WOMEN TOO SEXY?

A casebook article with shocking proof:

Women in the U.S. are 5 times more romantic than the average male!

By ANSELM WORTHINGTON

WHEN, AS THE GOOD BOOK says, the Creator took one of Adam's ribs to create Eve, he started a "ribbing" job that hasn't stopped yet.

Women have been having one great big secret joke ever since—at the expense of Man. They've tolerantly allowed him to believe, for all these uncountable thousands of years, that he is the ruler of the roost, the top banana, the lord of the mansion—or whatever way you want to say "Master." Worse yet, women have even let him take the reins in thinking that he is even "boss of the boudoir."

Actually, women know—and scientists are only now beginning to uncover facts to support them—that nothing is further from the truth, that woman, actually, is the better lover.

Does this hurt your male ego? Frankly, it even hurts mine and that of my colleagues. Admittedly, even though I am supposed to be an objective, dispassionate scientist—a finder of truth, wherever it exists, whomever it may hurt, it does kind of take the wind out of my sexually amug sails.

But, should it truly matter who is the better lover if both sexes get a real enjoyment out of their loving?

It is true, however, that women can take more loving (and give more, too) than men. Ever embark on the scientific project of trying to completely satisfy a woman? Truthfully now, who won?

The United States Society for Psycho-sexual Research, in a study involving more than 200 women and 300 men, learned that a woman is capable of

making love—consecutively—five times the average man's one time—and be ready more quickly to start a new contest.

Most of us have heard of nymphomaniacs (*Writer's Note: Nymphomania, like its male counterpart, satyriasis, is a pathological condition. Such people are in a constant, frenzied, agonizing state of sexual excitement, and have to be physically restrained or death from heart failure can result from their sexual excesses*) who can make love to a far greater number of lovers than can an "over-sexed" male.

There appears to be a little of the "nympho" in most women and this, perhaps, is what makes them better at the love game than men.

In the course of a day's work, I have had many husbands complain to me: "that their wives were cold." Let me tell you something: there is no such thing as a cold woman. There are only "inadequate" men. Let these same complaining men take the time, and have the patience to thaw, what they think is coldness, and they will learn that they've been living with an H-bomb that just needed igniting before it would go off.

History does tell us of an Egyptian princess who was terribly angered and humiliated at being told by her husband that she was incapable of giving satisfaction to a man. While the military gentleman was on a campaign to subdue some unruly Ethiopians, his wife took on all comers for a fee. Her price? One small stone—but only if satisfied.

When the infinitely cuckolded husband returned from the wars he found that his wife had an unusual token of her fond esteem with which to present him. She had amassed a pile of stones rivaling the Great Pyramid in size, and she sweetly told her husband how she got them. Now that is a lot of stones—and a lot of sex. By the way, her frustrated hubby didn't get so much as a peck from his wife.

Messalina, the wife of Emperor Claudius of Rome, to prove that she was better at making love than any woman in her country, challenged the most famous prostitute of the time to a public duel of sex in the city's market place. Messalina's score: 25 men in one day. And, Messalina was not a passionate creature by any means. Each of these men was worn out to a frazzle—but thoroughly. In fact, unknown to her husband, "Messy Lena" spent her entire day—every day—in the market place disguised as a common streetwalker and wholeheartedly proved her ability to any and all who cared to visit her and partake of her considerable charms. Payment was only incidental. Then, in the evening after a day of proving her point, Messalina would return to her palace and her royal role, bathe, perfume and take care of her boy, Claudius. Claudius, like a great many Roman emperors was no slouch on the couch either—but he was never able to make Messalina yell "uncle."

Male homosexuality is in fact another manifestation of the sexual superiority of women. In my clinical studies I have been struck by the fact that often homosexuals are men who suffer from intense feelings of masculine inadequacy, the result in great part from their inability to sexually satisfy women.

In fact, here is another case in point towards the woman's sexual superiority. When I described Messalina and her phenomenal appetites, the male reader might have thought, "But we've had Don Juans."

Even though Don Juan may have had a fantastic record of conquests during his active life, it in no way attested to the potency of his male vigor with these women, but simply to his superbly developed powers of seduction. Further, records show that Don Juan was primarily interested in the seduction of women only, rather than in their sexual conquest. He was completely content if a hot and panting young damsel threw herself upon her bed and awaited the Spanish Cavalier with eagerly opened arms. Don Juan, a gentleman to the core, would most often merely tip his cocked hat, thank the woman graciously—ignoring her profferments of love—climb back down from the Senora's balcony, and be off for parts unknown to repeat the whole foolish bit.

Whether he or his amours realized it or not, Don Juan actually was a homosexual. Today a "Don Juan Complex" is the designation used by those in the psychological professions to clinically describe an overly promiscuous male who seeks to prove to himself his sexual adequacy as a man (which he unconsciously doubts) by seducing as many women as possible. Rarely does this type of man ever find a full, complete, satisfying relationship with a woman. If he were not so emotionally disturbed he would find that one good woman would undoubtedly be more than adequate for all his sexual needs.

(Continued on next page)



The other great male lover of fame, Casanova, had his own problems. He could not attain fulfillment without resorting to the unusual. His enormously detailed "Memoirs" in themselves show he was exhibitionistically inclined. Furthermore, these "Memoirs" often display this trait and that of voyeurism in their actual contents. Casanova shows a marked preference towards performing with one woman in the presence of another. Throughout his "Memoirs" it becomes altogether clear that Casanova was a true exhibitionist. An incident—which we cannot print here—describing Casanova's romantic interlude with a hunch-backed woman, and relating all the difficulties with acropulous medical details, even more definitely proves Casanova was not a normal man.

The whole business of Woman being the sexual superior has its germ in another theory, also agitating to the male. This theory has been the subject of numerous scholarly and non-scholarly articles and books—that Woman has a physical superiority over men to begin with. In his lucid book, "The Natural Superiority of Women," Dr. Ashley Montagu brings out facts, only recently proved by statistical studies, which have long been recognized by physicians, physiologists, and anthropologists—who have wisely, if unscientifically, kept their mouths shut—that while man is larger, more muscular and has a larger brain, a woman has it over him in the following ways:

- Woman lives longer than Man. Actuarial figures compiled by insurance companies have long demonstrated this.

- Woman gets sick less often, and recovers more quickly.

- Woman is far less often an inmate of a mental institution or a drug addict—notwithstanding the unscientific claim made by many men that it is Woman who drives the male to insanity and narcotics.

- Woman has a higher pain threshold—in other words she is bothered less by pain and can withstand it better than does her sexual opposite. Ask any physician.

- Woman feels the cold less than Man. Pragmatic research of your own should have revealed this fact to you long ago—a woman wearing only skimpy shoes, a thin dress, even thinner nylon stockings and a light coat or jacket strolls with evident comfort down a blustery, frigid street, while her heavily bundled male companion, muffled up to his eyebrows with a heavy suit, an even heavier overcoat, a scarf, woolen stockings and sturdy shoes shivers and his clattering teeth chatter and clack like a Spanish dancer's castanets.

- Woman, in one instance, is more than merely superior. She is, according to evolutionists, over 500,000 years in advance of Man in one respect—her bulging forehead, or, to put it more politely and scientifically, her cranial dome. It is round, smooth and bulging—the way a male's should become a half-million years hence.

Another fact, not quite as strange, but just as possible may be in the offing. With the population of the world today ever growing more predominantly female, eminent sociologists claim there may even be

a natural trend toward a society where a few men service a great number of females—a sort of rooster-and-his-flock kind of situation. A lot more fun for the male, if you are one of the few males required. But, think of it men, day after day after day—or, rather, night after night after night. And no time for fishing, either. This society would most probably be matriarchal. Rooster or not, Man would not rule the roost. Woman would be the boss. Men would simply "entirely" them. It would be a kind of bee-like society where the women would be the Queens and the men the drones, receiving the same death treatment, perhaps, when their usefulness—their sexual virility—came to an end.

Less fun, but less inhumane at the same time—and still foreboding—would be the kind of society where man would simply supply the sperm—to be taken away from him in the same coldly efficient, unexciting way it is removed from a prize seed bull today. The sperm, deep frozen, would be used as needed. In this way the sperm could be utilized so much more efficiently for artificial insemination and go a long way further than it does today. This technique would be a lot less energy sapping for the man, but it would require the necessary existence of still fewer males.

But what about the women "missing" sexual relations with men? This is where one of the facets of Woman's sexual superiority comes into evidence.

Woman is capable of indulging in sex more often and for longer periods than men. Albert Ellis, Ph.D., a noted authority on sexual matters, says in his excellent and authoritative book, "The American Sexual Tragedy": "There are . . . reasons to believe that many females, when fully released from sexual inhibitions and tabus, are biologically more sexually adequate than the average male. Sexually released women . . . may have climates that are more frequent, more intense, and more lasting than those had by equally released men. . . . It may well be only the rare male who can thus satisfy a sexually released, reasonably highly-sexed female." In other words, Ellis has learned from his long and intimate clinical experience with many females that the average woman is capable of having a fuller, more frequent, and more intense sex life than the average male. Yet, despite many claims to the contrary, a woman is just as equally capable of going without sex for longer periods than a man. Today there are many more virginal women—nuns, spinsters, maiden aunts, etc.—living out their lives without apparent discomfort than there are virginal men.

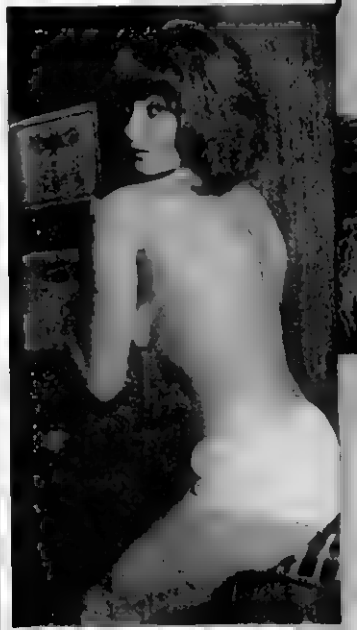
The mental attitude of Woman is an important part of her sexual superiority over Man. Donald Day, in "The Evolution of Love" states that "it seems the more selective the female is, the more she can fan her desires to white heat, or conversely reduce them to dead coals. When a male's sex hunger becomes strong enough then 'the act' is more important 'than the actum.' This is not ordinarily true for a woman."

For after all, "Sex," wrote Greta Marnard Hess, "for the male is an episode; for women it is the quintessence of life." ●●

DANIELLE DUPREE

Lithe and luscious Danielle Dupree grew up in a small town in Montana, and, as you can see for yourself, did a very good job of it. She spent most of her early years in the wide open spaces coming up with as healthy a body as possible. She obviously spent her time well, for she passes our inspection with straight A's. Since attaining the ripe age of twenty, she has lived in Denver, where she works as a legal secre-







tary, modeling some on the side. We're certainly glad she's decided to be on our side, as we could sit and ogle at her shape as long as she spent forming it. She chose Denver over the eastern metropolitan areas because she wants to be somewhere where there is still plenty of open country around for her to romp and play. She's the kind of girl, though, who could make anyplace a playground. Speaking of playgrounds, when she finds one she just loves to swing. Wouldn't you dig swinging with Danielle? Up, up, and away!



INSIDE INFO FOR MEN

**LAST MINUTE
ITEMS... HOT OFF
THE PRESS**

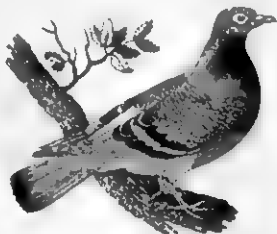


CAPITALISM--NEW GUINEA STYLE . . . because of the GREAT DEMAND for SHRUNKEN HUMAN HEADS, many of the tribes in this area have returned to the AGE-OLD CUSTOM of KIDNAPING VICTIMS with ATTRACTIVE LOOKING HEADS and using the method that has been handed down from generation to generation, THEY ARE SHRINKING THE HEADS and SELLING THEM ON THE OPEN MARKET. Authentic specimens bring as much as \$500 and a NATIVE COULD LIVE A WHOLE YEAR ON JUST ONE SALE. And the authorities seem powerless to stop the natives as witnessed by the fact that a SQUAD OF TWENTY MEN DISAPPEARED in the trackless jungle on a MISSION to WRECK OUT AND ARREST THE HEAD SHRINKERS. Six months later, a widow of one of the men was approached by a man on the street who offered to sell her a human head. She took ONE LOOK AND SCREAMED. The head was that of her husband, but the head-vendor got off when he claimed he thought IT WAS A FAKE HEAD.

HOUSEWIFE-PROSTIT RINGS . . . almost daily the newspapers report how the police have BROKEN UP ANOTHER SUBURBAN VICE RING where all the PROSTITUTES were MARRIED WOMEN who ATTENDED PTA MEETINGS and were otherwise WELL ACCEPTED IN THEIR COMMUNITIES. But what really bothers the cops and psychologists is the fact that most of the time, THE HUSBANDS know all about their WIFE'S EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES and in many cases, HUSBY WAS THE ONE WHO TALKED WIFEY INTO SELLING HER BODY. One vice-detective blamed the spiraling COST OF LIVING and the desire to GATHER AS MANY MATERIAL GOODS AS POSSIBLE. "After all," he said, "many of these rings bring in MORE THAN \$250,000 EACH YEAR and the money is split among the WORKING GIRLS without the bulk of the payments going to the syndicate--YET."

CHEAP INSIDE INFO . . . the FEDERAL GOVERNMENT prints and publishes thousands of BOOKS and PAMPHLETS that are a GREAT HELP TO THE AVERAGE MAN. The following are a good example of this and can be purchased

by writing to the SUPERINTENDENT OF DOCUMENTS, GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20402. . . "CALORIES AND WEIGHT" is a POCKET GUIDE for both the male and female WEIGHTWATCHER for only TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Order number is A1.77:153. . . "ROOM TO ROAM" is an ideal PLANNING GUIDE for the family which wants to TOUR THE WESTERN PART OF THE COUNTRY. It contains 40 PHOTOS, SIX DETAILED REGIONAL MAPS and many-keyed lists of some 457 TRAVEL ATTRACTIONS. Catalog number is I 53.2:R53 and the price on only HALF-A-BUCK. . . And for the man who has PROBLEMS with the AIRPLANES FLYING OVER HIS HOME, there's a study and a manual on how to INSULATE THE HOUSE AGAINST THIS ANNOYANCE for only .55. If interested, use EH 1,31:19 when ordering.



WACKY WILLS . . . more and more MONEY is being left to HOUSEHOLD PETS THAN EVER BEFORE IN HISTORY. In ENGLAND alone, it is estimated that a total of FOUR-AND-A-HALF-MILLION DOLLARS is willed to animals EVERY YEAR and although DOGS AND CATS get most of the cash, occasionally a WEIRD REQUEST is made. One lady left several thousand dollars so the PIGEONS near her neighborhood WOULD BE FED DAILY while another left \$5,000 so her HAMSTERS would always be well stuffed with seeds and lettuce.

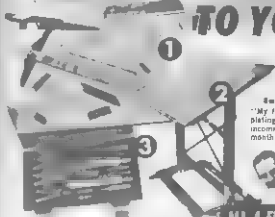
CONSUMERS BEWARE . . . experts advise all credit buyers to avoid the companies which offer to "CONSOLIDATE YOUR DEBTS," and "REDUCE YOUR MONTHLY PAYMENTS" for a FEE because chances are, you'll end up in WORSE FINANCIAL SHAPE and stand a good chance of LOSING YOUR CREDIT RATING. So far, 24 STATES have PASSED LAWS FORBIDDING "DEBT POOLING" FOR PROFIT and 13 OTHERS have LAWS REGULATING the PROCESS. But there are still 13 STATES which permit the "DEBT ADJUSTER FOR PROFIT" and this scheme ranks SEVENTH among the TOP TEN CONSUMER FRAUDS. The way it works is this way: you have over-EXTENDED YOURSELF, creditwise, and can't make all the monthly payments. So a COMPANY OFFERS TO TAKE A SET AMOUNT EACH WEEK and SPREAD THIS MONEY around to all your creditors, TAKING THEIR FEE, which can range TEN to TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT of the WEEKLY AMOUNT. However, all they do is send your CREDITORS less than the usual amount or talk you into REFINANCING THE BILL which adds more INTEREST to the money you already owe. And in some cases they have taken SEVERAL WEEKLY PAYMENTS and then left town without PAYING ANYONE. So if you need help with an overloaded bill paying schedule, contact your local FAMILY WELFARE AGENCY, CREDIT UNION or LEGAL AID SOCIETY. These outfits are set up to handle such CREDIT PROBLEMS and they'll do it for NOTHING.



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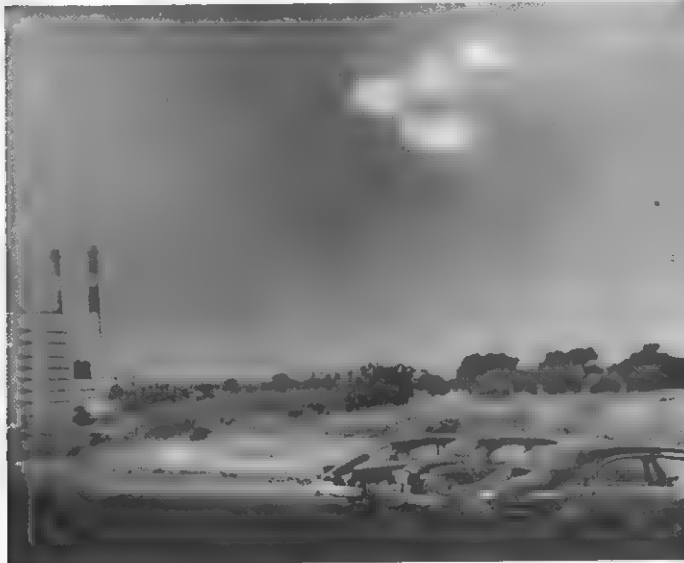
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FLYING SAUCER

Ohio boy scorched by UFO — Recent mass sighting in California — Horse "eaten" by saucer?



Flying saucers (or UFOs, if you prefer that designation) are here—they have been around for at least 21 years, and there is no indication at present that they will go away, at least not very soon.

"Flying saucer" is the rather whimsical name given to the 20th century's mystery in the skies by newsmen in 1947 when pilot Kenneth Arnold spotted nine discs over Mount Rainer, Washington, and compared them to "saucers, skip-

ping over water." He was alluding to their erratic motion as they flew among the mountain peaks that day "UFO," on the other hand, is an abbreviation of *Unidentified Flying Object*, and was used by the United States Air Force Air Technical Intelligence Command when they set up their investigation of the strange objects that same year.

It is doubtful that even the most casual reader of newspapers and magazines is totally unfamiliar with

the terms "flying saucer" and "UFO." Some may think they are nothing but hallucinations, and others may think that they are some kind of interplanetary probe; but all are aware that they are the subject of a great deal of controversy.

We are intimately familiar with the subject of UFOs, having been deeply involved with the mystery since its beginning. So much so, in fact, that we founded the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO) in

FACTS

by Jim and Coral Lorenzen

World-famous UFO researchers and investigators, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzen have written *UFOs OVER THE AMERICAS* and *FLYING SAUCER OCCUPANTS*, as well as numerous articles on the subject.

1952, hoping that we could find some answers to the questions people were asking. We have learned quite a lot, but we are still far from having all the answers. Today, the two most puzzling aspects of UFOs are what they are, exactly; and what causes them or where they come from.

Considerable controversy surrounds this subject, and as a result, quite a number of misconceptions have arisen. It is often assumed by those who have not given the subject any serious study, that UFOs are seen only by drunks, the mentally deficient or the emotionally disturbed. It is also widely believed as "gospel" that the objects have not been registered on radar, and that there have been no reports involving a number of people. Both these beliefs are false.

Dr. R. Leo Sprinkle, one of APRO's advisory staff, along with a companion, has seen a UFO. Sprinkle is a counseling psychologist for the University of Wyoming in Laramie—hardly what you would call an unreliable witness.

UFOs have been picked up on radar—many times. A case to support this contention is the sighting of the UFOs over Washington, D.C. in July, 1952. The Senior Controller at Washington Airport, Mr. Harry Barnes, said in an interview with the press that they were not only seen visually from the ground and by pilots in the air, but were tracked on radar. Despite Air Force pronouncements, he discounted the popular theory that they were some kind of atmospheric phenomenon.

Mass sightings are much more numerous than is generally assumed. The number of people who saw the objects over the capitol in 1952 qualifies that report as a mass sighting. There are records of many other sightings in which hundreds and thousands of people were involved. The two photos which accompany this article, perhaps the most famous UFO photographs in existence, were taken during a mass sighting



On January 11, 1958, at 12:15 pm, Almiro Barauna, a civilian photographer working with the Brazilian Navy for an International Geophysical Year (IGY) project, was alerted that a UFO was proceeding toward the Island of Trindade. Barauna managed, despite the pushing and shoving, to get four photos. The alarm that something unusual was present came from both the bow and the stern of the ship, and altogether over one hundred of the ship's crew, including officers and seamen, viewed the object.

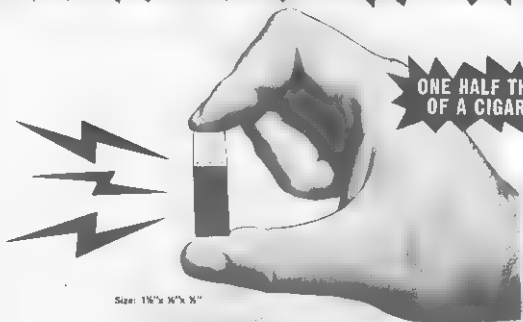
Another misconception about UFOs is that no astronomer has seen one. This is not true, either. Astronomer at Majorca Observatory in Spain viewed an unidentified triangular object which spun on its axis and moved at high speed on May 22, 1960. Dr. Clyde Tombaugh, the only living astronomer to have discovered a planet (Pluto—the ninth from the sun), observed a UFO (or UFOs) in Las Cruces, New Mexico, in August, 1949. Although he has never said that what he saw was a "space ship," he could not identify the strange lights as anything from this earth. They were in a "V" forma-

tion of rectangular lights which kept fixed intervals between one another.

The large concentrations of sightings have little to do with extraneous factors such as the attitude of the press. We have found that the number of sightings being reported has no direct relationship to the amount of publicity given the objects. Quite often a certain report will capture the attention of the news media and the general public will get the idea that UFOs have suddenly appeared again—when in actuality the sighting curve has not risen appreciably at all. A case in point is the 1964 sighting of an egg-shaped object and two tiny "occupants" near Socorro, New Mexico, by policeman Lonnie Zamora. Right after the Socorro incident made news, others, probably encouraged by the serious attitude of the press, reported their experiences. But the UFO activity of that particular period (April and May 1964) was confined for the most part to a relatively small area. It was not until the first of July, 1965, that an extended period of UFO activity (involving hundreds of sightings, as opposed to a few score in

(Continued on page 72)

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BURGALAR ALARM: Be certain no intruders are entering home or business.



MAN-STARVED BOLIVIAN WOMEN (Continued from page 31)

I cursed silently to myself. If I go back alive to La Paz, the people responsible for this sight would pay for their crimes.

I fumbled with one hand for the camera slung around my shoulder. I hoped the film would come out, with only the dim light of the lantern to shoot by. I would need it as evidence when the time came.

The girl halted, waiting patiently like the draft animal they had turned her into. In a minute, I saw why. More light splashed into the tunnel, and three more women appeared around the bend.

Two of them were healthy-looking peasant girls, stripped to the waist. One carried a pick, the other a shovel. They wore sandals, dungarees and miner's caps with lanterns.

The other woman was something else again. She was older—about forty-five—and she had a wide, cruel face that showed an Indian strain. Like the two girls with the tools, she was stripped to the waist—because of the almost unbearable heat in the mine. But she wasn't carrying a pick or a shovel. She had a rifle.

THE FEMALE GUARD PLANTED herself where she could watch the others, her feet wide apart and her back resting comfortably against the tunnel wall. She didn't point the rifle at the girls. She didn't have to. You could see that they were terrified of her. They toiled desperately with pick and shovel, their glossy black hair and their round high breasts shaking with every movement.

I took pictures until I ran out of film, hoping the ugly-looking guard wouldn't hear the click of the shutter. Then I waited for them to leave.

It didn't take long. Inside of twenty minutes, the ore car was filled. The girl who was harnessed

to it heaved, while the other two gave it a push to get it started. I heard it rumble down the passageway. The woman with the rifle gestured, and herded the two girls away. Their lanterns disappeared around a bend, and I was in total darkness.

I groped my way down the tunnel, in the direction I'd come from. Finally there was a blessed beam of light from the shaft I'd discovered earlier that day.

Inch by inch, I climbed up the rotting timbers, forty feet into the harsh sunlight of the Bolivian Andes. I lay gasping for a moment. As soon as I had regained my breath, I headed for the trees. It would be a fifteen mile hike down the side of the mountain to the place where I had hidden my jeep. I didn't get fifteen yards.

"Venga usted!" a voice barked. For emphasis, a bullet thudded into the dirt at my feet.

I could have gone for the .32 revolver I had stuck in my belt. But I never would have made it.

Slowly I turned around, my hands in the air.

THERE WERE two of them. They walked toward me, holding their rifles with casual competence. They were both big men, dressed identically in khaki shirts and trousers, laced boots and drill helmets. I'd seen their kind before, in the rubber-growing country of the Upper Amazon, where the lawless *patrones* hold natives in virtual slavery. They were hired gunmen from one of the big cities. Utterly ruthless, they would have no compunction about gunning down anyone that threatened the illegal profits of their overlords.

"Do not move, *señor*," one of them said. The other one retrieved my revolver, then yanked the camera from my shoulder so that the strap broke.

"Look at this, Jorge," he said. He was about to dash it against a rock when Jorge stopped him.

"That is a fine camera. We can sell it."

The gunman thought it over, then nodded. "This one, he is a spy, with such a camera."

"Now look," I began. "Let me explain . . ."

"Silencio!" Jorge shouted. He swung the butt of his rifle, and it caught me in the pit of the stomach.

I fell to the ground, doubled over in agony. While I lay there, a boot-foot kicked me once, twice, in the ribs.

"Turn him over on his back, Carlos," said Jorge. "I like to watch their faces when I shoot them."

Through a blur of pain, I could see Jorge's rifle lift aimed at my abdomen. Jorge didn't care to make it quick.

"Wait!" said Carlos. "The patron will be angry if you kill him before he finds out about the camera."

Jorge sighed. "You are right." He lowered the rifle. His foot swung in a vicious arc and caught me in the head. The world went out like a broken light bulb.

"AH, HE IS WAKING UP," a voice said. "Are you with us, Mr. West?"

I felt a hand grab my hair and jerk my head back. My face was slapped sharply.

"Answer, when the patron speaks to you!" said Jorge.

"Stop that, Jorge," the first voice said mildly. "Mr. West is an Americano. You must not treat him like your Indian rabble."

I opened my eyes. I was in one of the mine offices, overlooking the main shaft and the rusty hydraulic elevator. The same desk was next to the window, the same pictures on the walls. I recognized them well. I ought to. Six months ago, it had been my office.

The man sitting behind the desk was impeccably dressed in a white linen suit . . . out of place here in the Bolivian jungles. He was wide and stout, with a pale aristocratic complexion and a fierce black mustache. He dabbed delicately at the perspiration on his face with a perfumed handkerchief.

"We know all about you, Mr. West," he said. "All those cards in your wallet. You should have got rid of them. Especially the one from the government office in La Paz authorizing you to investigate the tin mines."

"Who are you?" I said.

"My name is Don Carlo Rocas. My friends and I have our fingers in many pies, as you say in North America. Rubber plantations, diamonds, shipping. Since the expropriation of the tin industry, my friends have arranged that I shall be in charge of this mine."

"You'll never get away with it, Rocas," I said.

"I disagree, my yanqui friend. The stupid politicians in La Paz know nothing about mining. All they care about is that they kicked the foreigners out of Bolivia. It makes them feel patriotic. And so they do not care how I run the mine as long as it shows a profit." He chuckled. "And I am showing a fine profit. Of course, my friends and I keep much much more of the profit than the new government suspects."

"And why do you use women to work the mines?"

HE TOYED WITH his mustache. They are easier to control. They eat less. They are peasant girls, used to hard work. And there are few young men in the district since the last uprising."

"They make better slaves, you mean. Like the *caucheras* on the

rubber plantations. You're using them for slave labor."

He shrugged. "Yes, they are slaves. This is not North America. Now I am tired of talking with you. Your life is over, Mr. West."

Jorge looked eager. "We will take him into the jungle and crush his head with a rock. It will look like an accident."

Rocas' pale face stared at me speculatively. "I have a more amusing idea. We will give him to our miners."

"What are you talking about, Rocas?" I said.

"Let me tell you a story, yanqui," he said. "About a month ago, a young peasant from the hills happened to peek through a crack in the boards covering one of the mine shafts. He saw a number of women working with picks and shovels. They were half-naked. The sight excited him. He cried the boards loose and called down to them."

I noticed that Jorge and Carlos were leaning forward, their faces alive with anticipation. "Go on," I said.

Rocas continued: "These are healthy, strong-blooded women. They have the hot blood of the tropics. They had been without

men for many months. When this ignorant peasant called down his offer to make love to them, they encouraged him. In fact, they begged him to climb down the shaft."

A crawling sensation began in my spine." What happened to the peasant?"

AN EVIL SMILE appeared on Rocas' pale face. "Alas, the poor girls were impatient. They were stirred into a frenzy by the presence of a man. They fought over him, to see who would be first. They did not know what they were doing. The poor fellow was torn limb from limb. And none of the women was able to enjoy his virility."

I was horrified. "Such things don't happen!"

"Don't they?" Rocas was bored now. "Perhaps not. If the women are able to restrain themselves, you may have a pleasant hour or two down there. I am a generous man. I don't begrudge you your fun. But afterward, we must shoot you."

Jorge and Carlos were grinning as they dragged me out of the office and toward the mine shaft. They tried open a trap door. Below, I could see a kind of rudimentary dormitory, with burlap mattresses spread over a dirt floor. A half-dozen girls were there, squatting on their heels and eating bowls of beans and tacos. A couple more entered the chamber while I watched. Throwing down picks and crowbars, they stepped out of their dungarees and poured dippers of cool water over their sweating bodies.

"Muchachas!" Jorge yelled down the shaft.

The women miners looked up the shaft. More of them entered. There were at least a dozen of them down there.

"We have brought you a present," Jorge told them. "A fine *norteamericano*. Have much pleasure with him, little ones!"

And they pushed me down the shaft.

I half slid, half fell twenty feet. I landed on a burlap mattress stuffed with corn husks. Dazed, I lay there for a minute, recovering my senses.

The fight began almost immediately. One of the girls lunged for me and half tore my shirt. Another one grabbed her by the foot and dragged her off me.

They rolled over and over on the dirt floor like wildcats. One was wearing only dungarees, the other was entirely nude. They clawed,



We raced across the clearing and stormed the office.

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bit and scratched, while the other women stood around watching.

I watched them, appalled by their animal violence. If that violence were unleashed against me, I knew, I would suffer the same fate as the unfortunate peasant—beaten to death within minutes.

Somehow I had to satisfy all of them, play them off against each other, keep them happy.

THE FIGHT WAS SHORT. One of the girls crawled into a corner, bleeding from a dozen wounds, making pitiful moaning sounds. The victor stepped with a smile toward me, ribbons of blood mingling with the sweat that ran down her sturdy arms and melon-like breasts. "He is mine, chicas," she warned the others.

I sat up quickly. "I belong to none of you, niñas," I said. "I am a man, not a sack of corn husks to be thrown back and forth at will. You . . ." I pointed at the girl. ". . . step back and behave yourself."

The girl gave no sign of having understood. An expression of sexual ecstasy had transformed her broad, peasant face, and she stepped toward me, quivering with desire and moaning strangely.

"Retraa niber," I said in an authoritative tone.

Four of the women closed in on the girl, seizing her arms. They dragged her, struggling, to a far corner and sat on her.

They were all waiting for my next words. I had somehow managed to establish my authority over them.

"Very good," I said. "Now muchachas, there is only one of me, so you will have to take turns. One of you tonight, and another tomorrow night, like a lottery . . ."

They listened with their mouths hanging open while I talked on, as persuasively as I could. Finally one of them brought over a broom and they dutifully drew straws. The longest straw was drawn by a short, lively girl named Luisa. She had black hair down to her waist and white teeth that flashed in a brilliant smile when she realized she had won the lottery for the yanqui.

I took her bare arm in a firm grip, and felt her tremble with anticipation. "Vaya con me, chicas," I said, leading her out of the chamber, far down one of the passageways. I wanted to get as far away from the potentially explosive situation of a dozen high-strung, oversexed women who

might be triggered by Luisa's cries of passion.

It was a long walk down the tunnel, but the way was illuminated by Luisa's miner's cap. It was all she was wearing.

I LIVED UNDERGROUND for fifteen days and nights. Jorge and Carlos checked each morning to see if I was still alive. They seemed to think it was all a great joke.

I was finding it less amusing. The women were fiercely demanding. Each one was determined to make the most of her night. I was haggard from lack of sleep, perpetually exhausted from my efforts. They coaxed me and fussed over me, sharing their beans and corn and sweet potatoes with me so that I would have enough to eat. But I felt that I was on top of a keg of dynamite.

It exploded on the sixteenth morning. The half-breed woman I had seen the day I was captured had been getting more and more interested in me. Her name was Chagua. She was hard as nails, and an expert shot with the rifle she always carried. Rocas had hired her to keep order down below in the shafts, where he didn't dare to send his men. Even the gunmen from La Paz were afraid of her.

Chagua was man-hungry too. She had been in the tin mine as long as the enslaved peasant girls, and though she managed to get above ground once a week to drink herself senseless and seduce whichever one of the male guards would have her, she needed something more. And that something more was me.

That morning, she stopped me as I was bringing one of the girl miners back to the dormitory chamber.

"Come with me, yanqui," she ordered.

The girl protested, "He is ours, Chagua. Leave him alone."

For reply, Chagua struck the girl a blow with the rifle butt that sent her sprawling.

I GRABBED THE WEAPON'S barrel and back-handed the woman. The rifle went off with a sharp crack, and chips of rock went flying. I wrenched the gun from her grasp and motioned her against the wall.

"What is going on down there?" called a voice from above. It was Jorge, on his morning inspection. When he saw what was happening, he raised his rifle. But I was faster. I snapped a shot at him, and his

body came tumbling down the mine shaft, to land almost at my feet.

The girl miners came swarming out of the mouths of tunnels, buzzing excitedly. When they saw Jorge's body, and saw that I was holding Chagua at bay, they went wild.

I was unable to prevent them from giving the half-breed woman a severe beating. When they had left her, bruised and unconscious on the floor, they were still out for blood.

"Follow me!" I shouted.

Luisa picked up Jorge's rifle. The rest took their iron crowbars and their pick-axes.

As many of us as could fit crowded into the rickety mine elevator. We waited at the top while it went down for two more loads. Then I led the small army of half-clad mining girls to the building that housed the mine offices. They were brandishing their tools and screaming like banshees.

Carlos appeared at a window with a gun. Before I could take aim, Luisa raised her rifle and got him with the first shot.

We raced across the clearing and stormed the office. The few men we found there were no match for the frenzied women. They were slugged with crowbars, mauled and scratched . . . even bitten. Rocas had every stitch of clothing torn from his body, and while I watched, one of the hefty peasant girls straddled him and beat him black and blue.

They wanted to kill him, but I persuaded them not to. Instead, they tied him hand and foot and loaded him in the back of my jeep. It took me a week to get him to the officials in La Paz, over the jungle roads. I had my camera and film, and four of the girls came along to testify to the truth of my report.

An aroused government wasted no time in cleaning up the mess. Operations similar to the one Rocas had set up were closed and new mine managers were appointed by the government. They even hired back some of the American engineers they had fired the year before. Today, with the political situation continuing to be unstable, most of the tin mines are finding it difficult to run at a profit. Often, the operation of the mines is reduced to pure chaos. But at least the miners are men, not enslaved peasant girls working like animals in the darkness of tunnels below the surface of the ground. ●●

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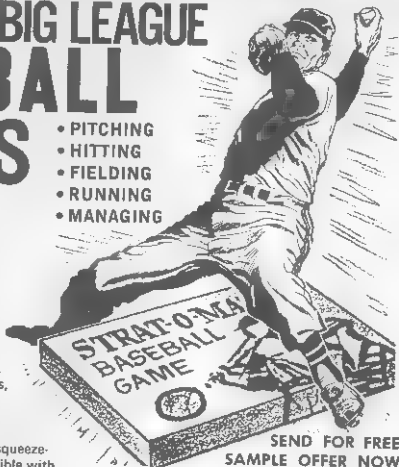
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MAN AND MONEY MAD CUTIES PLUS \$11,000,000 IN TREASURE

(Continued from page 22)



but his pants down, and after the trial, Bonito was hanged and his crew imprisoned. Death eventually claimed all the crew except one man. He knew the location of the treasure's burial vault, and that information has come down through the years to us, now." Pauline ground out her cigarette and paused.

"You'll get the exact location when you land us on Cocos Island," Carol said, winding up the pitch.

That afternoon, I took my charter boat out of mothballs, loaded the galley with grub, stowed fuel and gear aboard. All the time I kept thinking about other futile expeditions I'd guided in the Caribbean. This, too, could turn out to be a wild goose chase, but then, on the other hand, recalling the flock I was flying with, I'd enjoy very much being the gander, let alone other rewards.

I let the girls bed down for the night in my office, reminding them that we shoved off at sunrise. I'd sleep aboard the ship. I checked my navigational charts, double-checked to see everything was shipshape, then went below to turn in. I'd no sooner hit the sack than the murky darkness began to take on the face of one of the girls. She was so real, I could almost touch

her. I sat up, reached out, and instead of piercing the mist, my hand felt the soft warmth of Carol's body, ran down the length of her feline figure. I heard her gasp, and she was upon me, pushing me back, her lips scorching mine, her breasts swelling hard against my chest. At the last moment, as she surged over me like a warm wave, I thought if this was a dream, I hoped I'd never awake...

I BROKE THROUGH THE barrier with Carol that night and followed in quick succession with the others in due time. We weighed anchor as dawn tinted the horizon, and some time after noon chow, with the girls sunbathing and dosing on the deck, I let Pauline handle the helm while I went to my quarters to inspect my waterscope and aqua-lungs. I never got around to finishing the job because Florence arrived to help me. Whether it was accidental or deliberate, I never knew, but her bikini top suddenly became untied. My hermit's existence back on Goose Island had left me with a hunger not easily appeased. And Florence had the stuff for a six-course meal...

Back on deck later, I retrieved the wheel from Pauline. She gave me a hostile, knowing look, as if she knew of my intimacy with her chums. Did she envy them? All

she had to do was ask because my policy was always one to satisfy my customers. Of all the girls, she was the most striking, with her superbly proportioned five foot six frame, topped by an exquisite face crowned with coils of copper-colored hair; that curved down to a tantalizing torso and long, tapering thighs. Still, there was something aloof about her that warned me not to make the first move.

By the time we reached Costa Rica, where I was to make all arrangements and pick up a naval escort, a plan had developed in my mind. I'd gone far enough out on a limb, financing this junket. Why post a bond and pay for an escort when I had merchandise to trade? It was easier than I thought. Marcia and Barbara instantly agreed to cooperate, and I sent them on their mission, each fortified with a bottle of gin under her arm. By the time I returned to the naval office for my clearance papers, the enemy had been met and been vanquished.

Without any loss of time, we pulled up anchor, swung south towards the Panama Canal. A glassy sea enabled us to make good time, and the girls' silence indicated their mounting tension as we pulled closer to the buried bullion. Finally, I yelled, "Land ho!" as the brown mound loomed on the horizon. Cocos Island is some 13 miles wide, carved with deep ravines among the rocks and mountains, overgrown with palm trees and heavy jungle growth. It was dank and damp from months of torrential rain, and a study of the terrain indicated that we'd have a devil of a time finding the exact area Carol knew because landslides and volcanic eruptions frequently changed the topography. The roughest part of the job was to begin now, and the only thing the girls could contribute besides pinpointing the site was to entertain me at the end of each day. As delightful as the prospect seemed to be, I hoped they wouldn't make any demands because I needed all the strength for the work cut out ahead.

BUT ON THAT SCORE, I didn't have to worry much. Soon after supper, Florence was laid low in her bunk with a case of ptomaine poisoning, which I could not understand because we'd all eaten the same food. The next morning, Marcia snagged her foot in a coil of rope while washing

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"Let's knock off and rest," I said, when we returned to the boat. "We're over-anxious, and not being very cautious. We'll make a fresh start at the crack of dawn." But I knew I said that only to calm myself.

So it was Pauline! Those unfortunate incidents hadn't been accidents but been deliberately plotted by her! How would it end—in their deaths? A sudden, sickening thought stabbed my mind "Where's Carol?" I snapped

My eyes widened with horror. "Good grief! There are sharks and barracuda in these waters!" And then as an afterthought: "What did she wear—anything bright?"

with me. As we rose through the blue, crystal waters, I removed my mouthpiece to feed her air. Everything was going great as we continued to alternate the use of the mouthpiece, until I spotted what I'd been dreading all along—a dorsal fin cutting out behind some coral.

THE SLEEK, GRAY-WHITE BODY of a 16-foot Mako shark slid ominously towards us. Ordinarily, my yellow T-shirt would have made him shy away, but Carol's pink-tinted body was a detectable morsel. He made a pass, almost touching us, his gill slits opening and closing, his beady eyes glancing at his supper. Carol's eyes brimmed with terror. The shark circled several times, closing in steadily, flicking his tail, stinging us, in a preface to the murderous mauling, ripping, bleeding and bone-shattering climax that was shortly to come. The water was warm, but Carol shivered with cold in my grasp.

Abruptly, a strange yet familiar sound shot down through the water. BAROOM . . . BAROOM . . . BAROOM! Somebody had started the motor, suddenly stopped it, then turned it on again to seize the shark's attention, or frighten it off. As the sleek killer nosed up towards the throbbing engine, I jammed my mouthpiece between Carol's lips and lunged fiercely towards the surface. Pauline was waiting anxiously for us. She dropped the waterscope she had used to spot our danger below and helped Carol up over the rail. As I climbed aboard, I had my last glance of that menacing dorsal fin slicing about the water as the frustrated sea-beast searched for us.

FEAR AND FATIGUE caused Carol to collapse on the deck. Breathing hard, I stared down at the beautiful, almost nude body, her long braids crossing her luscious breasts, the small mound of her stomach, the firm thighs, and the full impact of our close brush with death hit me hard. What a tragic loss it would've been! No shark could have gorged himself on a finer delicacy!

Pauline was contrite. She began to stammer an apology, realized the futility of it, and quit. "I'll take care of each of those girls until they're okay, I promise you, Pete. If I knew it'd help, I'd gladly cut

my own throat!"

Carol sat up. "You did, Pauline. And when we get back to the mainland tomorrow," she said, "I'm going to press charges against you for attempted murder!"

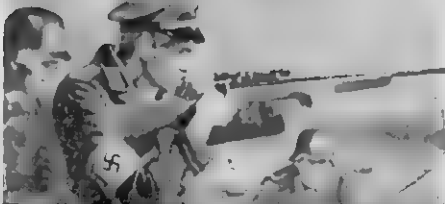
But a distant rumble told me that there'd be no tomorrow on Cocos Island, or anywhere for that matter if we didn't clear out, and fast. A volcanic eruption was readying to wrench loose deep within the earth. And anchored in that inlet we'd be sitting ducks for a death by molten lava and spewing rocks.

"Pauline! Rev up the engine!" I barked, "while I weigh anchor!"

SUDDENLY THE WHOLE ISLAND trembled, followed by a thunderclap. I whipped over to the wheel and semi-circled the craft out of danger. A powerful, deafening explosion ripped the air, even made the ship tremble at that distance. As we looked back, a plume of flame shot skyward, followed by a shower of stones and debris. It almost sounded like the end of the world—our immediate world, because we all knew that Bonito's treasure wouldn't be ours on this trip. Sure, I'd come back some time, but the girls had enough of treasure hunting. At the moment all of them were eager to get back to the civilization they knew: the honky-tonk of show biz, black lace lingerie, Saturday night Scotch and stiffs.

Instead of piloting back through the Canal to Goose Island, I dropped them off at Managua, in Nicaragua, where I made arrangements with the captain of an old tramp steamer that was headed for Galveston, Texas, to take them aboard. As we separated, the girls promised to come back and pick me up on Goose Island.

But that was two years ago, and I'm sure by now that they'll never revive that kookie idea. But I still remember Carol's directions to the location of the treasure—a guy in any business can memorize a route by hearing it only once. Maybe next year I'll go after that treasure, but this year I'm going after that eight-pointed buck. And, in the meantime, if you want to take a crack at snaring Bonito's \$11,000,999, it's still there waiting for you, along with the regulations and naval escort of Costa Rica, the always-threatening volcano and the armada of homicidal sharks and barracuda. ☐



WEAPONS OF ST. BELVEDERE (Continued from page 21)

was painfully slow and sure death on both tanks and infantrymen, German as well as American.

Two squads of Baker Company arrived in St. Belvedere just before dusk. We were armed with rifles and grenades and nothing else. The local French population gave us a big welcome and wanted to know when we were coming back. We told them we were not. We were staying right there. We were going to dig in and set up a roadblock. We were going to stop any German tanks that tried to come down the road.

An old Frenchman took one look at us and our weapons and moaned: "C'est pas assez," he said in his idiomatic French. "It is not enough. I just came from Argine. The Germans just came there with three big tanks. They are getting ready to come down the road after dark. They will grind you up like oatmeal. Have you no anti-tank guns?"

THE OLD FRENCHMAN had put his finger on our big headache. We looked at each other and sweated. We knew that we desperately needed anti-tank weapons. Our third squad, which had the bazookas and the bazooka rounds, had got separated from the company and lost itself somewhere on the Cotentin peninsula. Without them we were sitting ducks against a tank attack.

We could only hope for the best. Our one chance of holding the Germans was that they would hold off their attack that night and wait at least until dawn or later. By then we might be able to get some anti-tank weapons up and make a fight of it.

"Let me send a messenger back now, lieutenant," I said. "Maybe he can get some action back at regiment."

"All right," Lt. Harris said. "What we desperately need is time. I'll try anything. Anything."

The Frenchman listened to every word of our exchange. One of them who spoke English interpreted for the rest. So they knew we needed time before the German tank attack to get anti-tank weapons.

There were four good-looking French girls who had been standing at the edge of the crowd of townspeople. Now one of them stepped forward and got everybody's attention, including ours. She was a big beautiful redhead in a sweater that hid none of her sensual shape. Her body alone, if used in the right place, could bring the war to a dead halt. No G.I., no matter what uniform he wore, would be able to take his eyes away from her for more than a second.

"We are from the next town," she said in a silky voice, including her three girl friends with a wave of her hand. "From Argine. We will go back there. We will hold the Germans there for you for as long as you need."

The crowd of Frenchmen in the town square started to hoot at the girls. One of them buttonholed Lt. Harris and me. "They are *poules*," he said. "Ladies of the night. Prostitutes. What can they do to hold the Germans back, to keep them from attacking with their tanks?"

The redheaded girl, whose name we later learned was Marie Delmot, drew herself up haughtily.

"We have a secret weapon," she said firmly, "that will hold up the German tank crews long enough for the Americans to get their anti-tank weapons here." The three girls with her nodded their agreement. The curiosity of everybody had been aroused by this announcement. What was it these girls thought they could do?



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Red haired Marie Delmot threw her head back proudly. Her hands went to her sweater and she pulled it tight around her. She wore no bra underneath the sweater, and even though the light of day was fading we could see the beautifully shaped, firm, and upright breasts she now cupped in her hands. There was a gasp of admiration from every man present. All were rooted to the spot.

"These are our secret weapons," Marie Delmot said proudly, looking down at her breasts. "We are all thus equipped. These will hold the German tanks back and give you the time you need to get your anti-tank weapons."

Marie turned to her companions. "Aux armes... pour la gloire de la patrie," she said to them. "To arms... for the glory of our country." Then she linked arms with her girl friends and they marched down the road towards the edge of town and headed into the distance towards the town of Argine where the unsuspecting Germans waited.

"For the only time in this war," one of the G.I.'s in my squad said, "I wish I was a Kraut... waiting in Argine..."

But there was no time to waste in idle thought. We got to work immediately. We dispersed our two squads in the cellars of the houses along the road to give them a converging field of fire on the road junction with their rifles. The men piled up grenades at each window. And we put two men twenty yards from the road junction and told them to dig in. When and if the Kraut tanks hit them they were to fire back and then fall back on the town to join the rest of us.

But while I was working, I couldn't help wondering just what it was the girls intended to do. Hit the Germans over their head with those magnificent secret weapons or what? Whatever it was, our prayers were with those girls, and with the messenger we had sent back to regiment to ask for anti-tank weapons.

Marie Delmot and her three friends went down the road towards Argine. As darkness fell, they reached the outskirts of the town where Marie Delmot stopped briefly in the bushes at the side of the road. With a few swift motions of her hands on her dress and sweater, she prepared herself for action.

TEN YARDS INSIDE ARGINE, the four French girls were ordered to halt by the guards of the German road block. They could hear the three German tanks with their motors running.

"What are you doing out at night so late?" one of the Germans asked.

"We were looking for a little party," Marie Delmot said. "We have a little wine and a record player. We thought maybe we could have a little fun."

Just then one of the German tanks turned on its one-eyed searchlight. Its powerful beam fell on Marie. She let her coat fall open. She had nothing on underneath, and her nude body seemed to glow, a candle flame to the male moths around her in green German uniforms. The Germans gasped. One of them had trouble breathing as he stared in awe at Marie's magnificent beauty.

Another one of the Germans suddenly opened his mouth as wide as he could and yelled at the top of his voice. "Hans!" he cried. "Paul! Come here!

"But we are getting everything ready for the attack later."

"We'll be ready in plenty of time. Even if we're a little late, Hitler's Greater German Empire can wait a while. When will something like this come our way again?"

The word of the presence of the girls, at least one of whom was completely nude under her coat, spread like wildfire among the German troops in the town. Within minutes a crowd of German soldiers milled in delirium around Marie Delmot and her friends.

"Come," Marie said. "All of you. Come over to our place. We have a large apartment."

The entire German garrison trooped after the four girls and crammed themselves in their apartment. Somebody turned on the record player. The wine flowed and soon the tipsy German soldiers were waltzing Marie and her friends around the room.

"Ach," one of the German soldiers said in the middle of a dance, "why you not be like her?" He pointed at Marie who was dancing in the nude. Then he reached forward and systematically and methodically stripped the dress off his dancing partner, throwing each piece of her clothing at the ceiling as he tore it off her. And finally she stood completely naked, and the German soldier took her



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in his arms and waltzed her around the room.

In no time, the other two girls had also been stripped of their clothes. They whirled about the room, passed from the arms of one German soldier to the next.

AS TIME PASSED, the powerful French wine took its toll. The Germans became tipsy, and no longer wanted to let the girls out of their arms. And when that moment in the evening's festivities came, Marie and her friends slipped out of the arms of their dancing partners and each slipped into a separate room at the rear of the flat. In a few minutes there were four separate lines of German soldiers queued up before each door. Each man anxiously waited his turn, desperately afraid that fate would rob him of the chance to lie with the obviously passionate arms of one of the beautiful French girls.

Just before dawn an old Frenchman was seen to leave the house where Marie Delmot and her three friends were giving their party for the German troops. The old Frenchman moved furtively, sticking to the shadows, running as fast and as quietly as he could.

He actually reached the edge of town when a German sentry, on his way to the party, picked him up on the edge of town, headed in the general direction of St. Belvedere.

"Where are you going?"

The Frenchman was questioned and searched. After a severe beating he broke down and surrendered to the Germans the note he had been hiding in his shoe. The German sentry took the note to the Nazi lieutenant in command of the three tanks in Argine and he read the note with amazement and growing anger. The note had obviously originated with one of the four French girls who were giving the party for the Germans that night—in the arms of one of which the German lieutenant had been rapturously enfolded just fifteen minutes before.

The note read: "We cannot hold the Germans any longer. At most an hour. Whether the Americans have gotten their anti-tank weapons or not. If not, tell them they had best pull out before dawn."

THE GERMANS WERE INFURIATED when they realized they had been betrayed and tricked. The Nazi tank lieutenant led a party of heavily armed troops to Marie

Delmot's apartment. He swore all the while. "We must hit the Americans immediately. It is our chance to strike hard before their reinforcements arrive. And even if they now have their anti-tank weapons, we will be ready for them."

The Nazi troopers tore into Marie Delmot's apartment. They ripped the girls out of the arms of the stupefied soldiers they were with. The Nazi lieutenant screamed at them. "If you tarts want to play at soldier," he shouted, "then you will have your chance! Take them outside! If you have gotten us into trouble with your treachery, then you will now get us out of that trouble!"

The naked girls were dragged out into the street just as the sun came up. At the order of the Nazi lieutenant the four French girls were tied with heavy rope to the sides of the Mark IV tanks in exposed positions. "If the Americans dare to fire," the Nazi lieutenant said grimly, "they will kill first the girls who befriended them, who risked their lives and gave their bodies to help them." The Nazi smiled maliciously. "I am sure the Americans would not do that."

With a great roar of their motors, the three Mark IV tanks moved out of the town square of Argine and headed down the road in the direction of St. Belvedere.

And at St. Belvedere, the three squads of the second platoon of Baker Company waited. During the night the missing third squad had joined us. We were armed with bazookas and rockets, all lined up and ready to go.

And then the German tanks appeared out of the mist that lay heavy on the Argine-St. Belvedere road. I lined up my bazooka sights on the first tank and prepared to blast it off the face of the earth. Just when I was about to squeeze the trigger, Lt. Harris, who had his field glasses trained on the lead tank, suddenly screamed. "Don't shoot!" he cried. "Put the bazooka down. They've got the French girls tied on the outside of their tanks. If you hit one of the tanks, you'll kill the girls!"

THE GERMAN TANKS LUMBERED forward. Bitterly we had to watch and let them come on. They pumped shell after shell into St. Belvedere. And then the tanks were in the town. I saw the hatch cover of the last tank rise and a black helmeted Nazi, grinning

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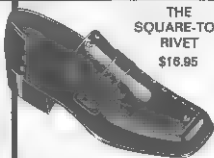


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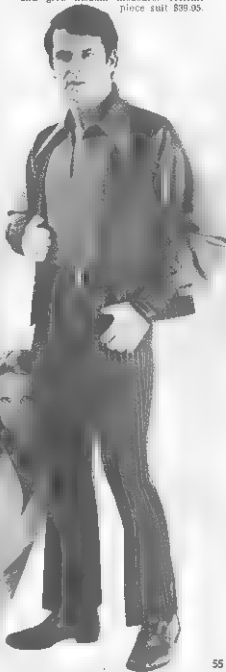
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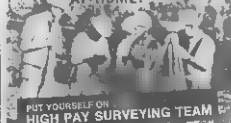
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evilly, poke his head out and survey the damage he was doing. I drew a bead on his head with my Garand.

And then I lowered my rifle. That open hatchway cover was our chance to destroy the German tanks without hurting the French girls. I loaded my pockets with grenades, left the cellar and ran up to the second floor of the house.

Just as the end tank passed below the window where I was waiting, I jumped. I landed on the back half of the tank. Then I put a bullet through the Nazi's head, pushed him down inside the tank, and dropped a grenade in after him. There was a shattering explosion inside the tank. As the tank ground to a halt, began to smoke, and burst into flame, I cut the ropes with my trench knife, and the French girl slid to the ground. She half-stumbled into the waiting arms of the G.I.'s in the doorway of one of the houses that lined the street.

I went after the second tank in line from its blind rear side. Other G.I.'s in the platoon saw what I was doing. They ran to upstairs windows and leaped out on top of the two tanks. They rammed their rifles into the tank peepholes before the Germans could get them shut, and blasted away. Soon the tank hatches opened up, and we slammed home grenades. Again, before the tanks blew, we cut the French girls free and half-carried them into a house.

THE TANK BATTLE WAS OVER in a few minutes. I ran into one of the houses where the four French girls were clustered. We poured hot coffee into them and rushed G.I. blankets, shirts, and trousers to them.

The girls looked at each other. They let the blankets drop to the floor and stood up, naked as the day they were born, and looked at us. They waved the G.I. clothes aside. The big beautiful redhead swung a canteen cup of coffee regally around her head.

"We don't need the clothes!" she cried. "Let's have a party to celebrate our stopping the panzers with our secret weapons!"

"Yes, let's have a party!" Marie Delmot screamed triumphantly.

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SELLING SEX IN MOD SHOPS

draw multitudes of upper-middle-class young women from all over the city, and on a street of "head" shops and record stores and coffee shops, it is not uncommon to see expensive sports cars double-parked outside a way-out boutique. There are also many shops on such staid streets as Madison Avenue.

Most of the mod shops are singly owned, but the greatest success has been the Paraphernalia chain started some three years ago by an Englishman named Paul Young, who is in his late thirties. Originally connected with Puritan Fashions, the Paraphernalia operation now has more than 50 franchises across the United States, and in such places as Mexico City and Paris.

The Paraphernalia stores are the best-known in the mod-clothes field, but a tour of other further-out mod-shops and boutiques in New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles and talks with the girls who work in the shops, show just how far the sexual revolution in clothes has affected man well-dressed, seemingly "decent" men.

Most of the shops are straight, legitimate businesses, though even in these some of the girls are game for a man's sexual come-on, if the man is fairly straight. And some of the girls in the shops make little effort to hide the fact they're selling a lot more sex than just which shows beneath their briefcostumes.

"What can you do?" asked the 19-year-old manageress of a Madison Avenue boutique which sells only black-and white micro-outfits and bras and bikini-panties.

"Guys read about the sexual revolution, read about all the wild sex going on with today's teenagers. Then here we are, right in a proper store, customers and salesgirls usually half-dressed, with our little thighs and our little rear-ends sticking out. It freaks guys out. I don't really mind a guy making a pass at a girl. That's up to her. But baby I get spooked out by the freaks."

And Karen's green eyes narrowed as she told of one recent "freak" who had visited her store. "He was a well-dressed man in his thirties," she said. "I asked if I could help him, and he said he wanted a dress for his wife's birthday. I got her size, and showed him the right racks for that size, and he said he'd like to browse. That was all right, because the trouble-makers usually want the girls to model. I forgot him, because we were busy. Then I remembered him a few minutes later."

She shook her head. "And guess where I found him? He had sneaked back to the dressing rooms, and in an empty room he had stripped naked and was sitting, waiting, in all his aroused manhood."

Karen said the man wasn't particularly embarrassed at being caught and left quickly and quietly. She added that men often specify they want to purchase the particular skirt or dress that has just been modeled.

"I'd estimate fully half of the men shopping alone are buying clothes to get sexual kicks, one way or another," Karen said.

The mod shops don't draw many

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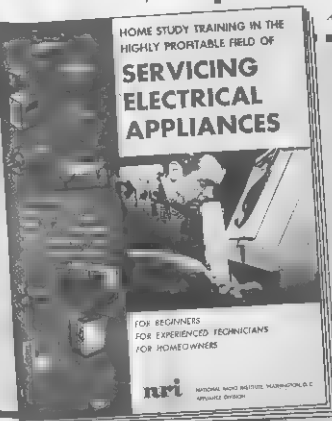
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regular "dirty old men" types, according to the girls who work in the shops. One reason is that the stores are damned expensive.

A man shopping for a few kicks couldn't get out for less than \$25 or \$30, and if he wanted to get his kicks from the popular leather skirts, dresses, and boots, he could easily spend a hundred dollars.

"There's nothing cheap about our kind of stores," according to a 20-year-old-salesgirl in a mod shop on Los Angeles' Sunset Strip. "The management discourages dating the male customers, but some of the girls do. Actually, I've gone out with men three times and only once did the guy really want to make love. The other times, he just wanted me to model the clothes he'd already paid a fortune for in the store. I said, 'Sure, baby.'"

Mary said, for one man, she stripped naked, then slowly peeled on a pair of psychedelic bikini-panties of oranges and purples, very slowly put on a striped psychedelic bra, then took five minutes to work her way into the tiniest possible micro-skirt of wavy orange and purple stripes anyone could imagine.

"The other guy was a leather freak," she said smiling. "He must have spent over \$300 in the store, and he had me model three pairs of hip-length black leather-boots, with just a soft, leather micro-skirt on—nothing else, no panties or bra or blouse, and he had me prance around and raise and lower the skirt. Of course, I cost him another \$75. Like I said, nothing about our kind of stores is cheap. Sex blows my mind baby. It's what's happening now, and you can't tell me most chicks who walk around in mod, micro-outfits aren't a little freaked out on sex. The men sense this, and they're often right."

To visit a typical mod dress shop is to enter a slamming, psychedelic world of swirling lights, backed by a stereo blasting the latest Beatles, Rolling Stones or Jimi Hendrix music.

In a shop in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district, for instance, the walls are covered with dozens of small mirrors, and purple and pink lights flash off and on, creating a dizzying, dazzling effect that is reflected in each mirror.

The purple and pink lights bathe the rows of glittering, brilliantly-colored clothes, and on on spring afternoon recently were flashing off the latest import from Eng-

land—micro-skirts of shimmering silver that had tiny silver bells for buttons all the way down, and silver bells all around the hem.

"We've sold half a dozen of the bell skirts to men just today," according to the 18-year-old girl who runs the store. She said one short, grey-haired man, muttered: "Jesus, I saw one of those things on a girl on television last night, and the bells rang when she walked, and I kept telling myself those bells were higher than panties girls used to wear."

Tina said her store hasn't had many incidents, though she had to let one girl go, because she was to overt in modeling leather micro-skirts.

"It's our own fault, really," she said. "To pull people in off the streets, we had the girl, Paula, who was really built and looked three years younger than her 18 years, do way-out dances in the window, in our leather micro-outfits. Well, she brought in customers, baby, mostly men, and Paula was trying to get money to make the scene in Tangle. She saw a good thing right away, a chance to sell the most expensive things in the shop, the leather goods, and get the most in commissions. She deliberately left the dressing room door open when changing, and left the buttons unfastened, and right there in the store, she would pull up the skirt, and Jesus was already short."

Tina said Paula was also uncool about smoking marijuana in the storeroom, or sometimes, right in the dressing room.

It's not uncommon for the smell of marijuana to permeate the flashing-light, music-slammimg rock atmosphere of the modshops, and the strong smell around the dressing room indicates the customers as well as the salesgirls consider marijuana, like open sex, a natural thing.

"These shops are our own world, baby," according to a pixie-faced teeny bopper who was shopping in a small, downstairs boutique on West Fourth Street in Greenwich Village. "Sure, we smoke here, and dig our music. And our own kind of clothes. If anything, I hope the skirts get shorter. If it were popular, I swear I'd wear a skirt up to my damn navel. I like sex up front, no matter what I've seen these older guys creeping around, and what's awful is that they're guilt-ridden and have to hide their interest in sex. That's what makes it sick."

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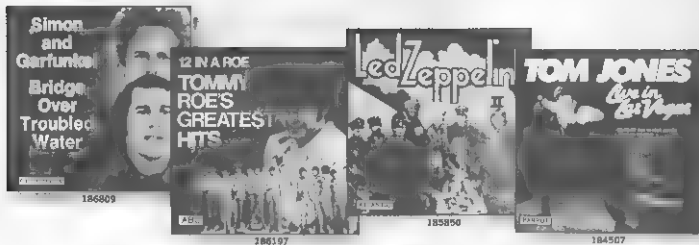
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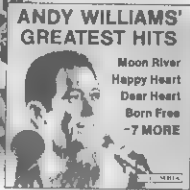
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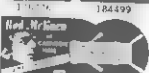
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THE GLACIER GIRL'S STRANGE JUSTICE

(Continued from page 14)

Does Noashak ever come into the trading post alone? I asked Big Charlie.

No, Charlie told me. She and her husband, Umlak, usually come in together for one of the dances. Why do you ask?

Just interested, that's all, I told him.

Big Charlie thought that over for a minute. You don't fool around with these Eskimo women, he said, unless their husbands are around. They are friendly with them. They lend them out to other men. They consider it a great honor if another man sleeps with their wife. They do not think that she will wear out. They say it makes her cheeks rosy and makes her feel good. The only objection the husbands make is if their permission is not asked.

But I didn't care what Big Charlie was saying. Red Macon wrote in his diary. I wasn't going to wait on any Eskimo for his permission to have his woman. Umlak wouldn't know the difference, anyway. He didn't even know his traps had been cleaned out . . . that I had been working his trapline for days now, helping myself.

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING Umlak returned to his trapline. He examined the snares from a distance so that his trail would not be a warning to the gods that he had come to spy on them. Half of his traps were filled with furbearing animals, snowshoe rabbits, marmot, ground squirrels, otters, and one or two ermine. Suddenly, he saw a big man, swathed in furs, a heavy bundle of rabbits and foxes strung over his shoulder, come swinging down the trapline, checking snare after snare, collecting the animals Umlak had trapped.

In those few seconds, Umlak recognized the white man who was stealing his furs. He was no god. He was the red-haired man they called Red Macon, the man who had tried to make joy with his wife while he had been away and dishonored Umlak by not re-

turning to take her while he was there.

Umlak's fingers crept to his hunting knife. Should he kill the red-haired giant now? he wondered. If he did, he would have to eat off his finger and his toe and stick them into his mouth, so that the red-haired giant's ghost would not bother him later.

Only the fear of the white law, man stayed Umlak's hand and prevented murder. He was not allowed to murder, he understood that. Even though the white man's punishment was nothing to be feared. They put an Eskimo in prison, gave him warmth, all the tobacco he could smoke, and fed him. Which was good. But it meant he could not see his wife, Noashak, and there would be nobody who could make joy with her without dishonoring Umlak, and that he could not tolerate. No. It would be better if he went into Italuk, into town, and spoke to the white law-officer and told him of the red-haired giant's thievery.

I got a heavy catch from Umlak's trapline. Red Macon wrote later in his diary. And since my own sled was broken and the dogs had chewed through their traces, I needed some way of getting the heavy catch of furs back to the trading post. I figured a way of doing it. I cached the furs and made tracks for Umlak's igloo, knowing I could get the Eskimo to lend me his. But when I got to the Eskimo's igloo, he was gone, and his wife, Noashak, was alone. She had the seal lamp going full blast and the igloo was warm, at least 50° above zero. She had her parka off because of the heat, and she was naked above the waist, her little brown breasts glowing with the reflected flicker of the seal lamp. I went over and put my arms around her and moved her towards the iglerk. I told her I wanted to make joy with her in the caribou bag.

"I can not do it," she said to me. "Umlak is not here."

"Don't give me any of that."

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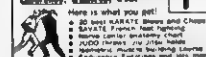
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I told her, "Big Charlie told me you do it with anybody who wants it."

"Yes," she said, "when my husband is here to watch. Then it is an honor for my husband and good for me. But I cannot do it unless he is here."

When she told me that, I could not stand it any longer. I went wild I hit her in the face and knocked her on her back. And then I ripped off the rest of her furs and shoved her back on the caribou furs on the igloo. She tried to fight me off, but after I beat her a while, her body relaxed. I had what I wanted.

UMLAR FLOODED through the snow, toward his igloo, the two dogs he had taken with him when he had gone to inspect his trapline, frolicking about him. He could not understand why his other dogs did not come out to meet him, raising their usual fuss and excitement. And then, when he came up to the igloo itself, he saw that his sled was gone. What has happened? he wondered. Has Noashak gone off somewhere by herself?

Umiak got down on all fours and crawled through the winding tunnel into the igloo. He stood up and stared in amazement at Nooshak who lay naked in a pool of blood on the caribou furs on the *iglerk*. What was the matter with her? She had let the seal lamp go out, and she must be half-frozen. Even the blood on her was beginning to turn to ice-time.

Umlak lit the seal lamp. He used a big tundra-cotton wick, and the lamp sputtered and threw off much light and heat. Then Umlak sat down and waited for his wife to come to her senses.

As the igloo warmed up Noahshak gradually returned to consciousness. She came to finally, and told her husband how she had been raped by the red-haired white man. Umlak took it as a personal insult to himself, that he had not been asked by the white man for permission to make pleasure with his wife. A dull ball of fiery anger swelled and grew in his mind.

"I must go into Italuk," he told his wife, "and find the red-haired white man and kill him for dishonoring me."

Umlak's sled was gone, stolen by the white red-haired giant, and he had to make a new sled. But he had no driftwood and that

meant he would have to improvise. The Eskimo took an ovibos skin into the igloo, urinated on it, worked it into the shape of a plank, pressing it flat and straight. Then he carried it outside into the bitter cold where it froze immediately hard as a board of wood. Then he carved his runners and iced them, and hitched up his two dogs.

Umlak made a mad dash into the town of Italuk. His two dogs fell into the snow and lay there, whining piteously, exhausted, before the roadhouse. Umlak kicked them for being weak, and then strode into the roadhouse.

MACON WAS LEANING against the stove when the Eskimo husband of the woman he had raped came into the roadhouse. He looked at Umlak, and then turned his back, feigning ignorance of why Umlak had come.

Umlak tore across the space that separated him from the white man. He landed on his back, driving Macon into the stove. The two men hit the floor in a shower of red hot coals. Macon screamed as the coals burned through his clothing and into his flesh, but the Eskimo felt no pain. He was beyond pain, his face a mask of insane rage.

Using his fist like a pile driver, the Eskimo started to batter Mac-con's face and chest. Blood and teeth spurted on the floor. Mac-con's cheek was cut open from one eye to the side of his mouth, making a red gash of raw flesh.

And then, as suddenly as he had launched his attack, the Eskimo stopped. He was afraid of the white man's law. If he killed the white man who had insulted his wife and made an animal out of her, he would be punished severely, perhaps executed.

Big Charlie Connors, overcoming his first surprise, came out from behind his counter, and pulled the half-conscious Macon out of the Eskimo's hands. The government law officer was away on an inspection tour, and he had been deputized to handle any problems that came up in the officer's absence.

The Eskimo told his story to Connors, the roadhouse owner, and asked for permission to take the red-haired white man and administer Eskimo justice—to kill him. Connors, realizing the delicacy of the situation, effected a compromise. The white man, Red

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FLYING SAUCER FACTS

(Continued from page 41)

1964) took place on a worldwide scale.

Many readers will recall the press' preoccupation with UFOs and dead horses in the fall of 1967. The news coverage began about a month after a Colorado rancher found the half-dissolved body of "Snippy" in September. The flesh had been mysteriously stripped from the horse's head and shoulders, and the vital organs and fluids were gone. Strange markings on the ground suggested that whatever had killed "Snippy" had come from above, and left the same way. Even more puzzling was the fact that UFO activity all over the world had begun to increase in July and had reached a peak in September. Then the reports began to dwindle. So it is apparent that the publicity about "Snippy's" death was the result of increasing general interest in this highly controversial phenomena.

Sightings have continued to be reported since January, but the monthly total is inconsequential compared to the hundreds per month the preceding summer. Some interesting cases have come to our attention however. After thorough investigation and evaluation, we have found them to be just as puzzling as any of those gathered in the summer of 1967. A case in point involves a disc-shaped object with seven lighted ports on the leading edge which was viewed by hundreds at Redlands, California, on the evening of February 4, 1968. The actual sighting was preceded by a strange noise which witnesses said was similar to the sound of the "saucer" on "The Invaders" TV program.

Most of those who heard the sound and saw the object cross the sky above Redlands thought the two were connected. However, after interviewing the witnesses and examining the scene, APRO's investigator, Dr. Philip Seif, a professor of Geology at the University of Redlands, found that the sound actually came from a new "search and rescue" unit which was on a trial run. The unknown object itself apparently made no noise. This incident received no publicity except in the local press.

A particularly ominous-sounding report arrived at our offices in late March which involves a young boy who was apparently burned by an unidentified hovering object.

Gregory Wells is the 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Wells, who live near Beallsville, Ohio. Mr. Wells is a retired Air Force sergeant. On the 19th of March, 1968, at 8:30 pm Gregory went from his family's trailer to his grandmother's home for a jug of water. The pipes had frozen during the winter and the family hauled their drinking water from the main house.

Gregory got the water and headed back to the trailer. A humming sound which seemed to come from behind him attracted his attention: he turned and gazed in awe at a football-shaped object hovering above a tree about 200 feet away. As he watched, a tube emerged from the bottom of the object and began to revolve. When it was pointed toward Gregory, a beam of red light erupted from it. He turned and ran, then felt a burning sensation on the back of his arm. He began to scream and

started to strip off his jacket, for it was in flames. His mother and grandmother, hearing his screams, raced outside. Immediately the grandmother grabbed the jug and poured the water on the boy's body. Fortunately Gregory was wearing a heavy sweatshirt under his jacket, so except for two places where the "beam" reached him, he was not burned. His mother and grandmother both observed the object for the next ten minutes, after which it appeared to "fade" from sight.

It is clear to anyone who has studied the phenomena that UFOs are not seen only by "cranks" and publicity-seekers. So we are faced with only two possible conclusions: The objects are manifestations of a psychological disease of epidemic proportions—or they are real physical material.

APRO's former Brazilian Representative, the late Dr. Olavo Fontes, said in 1966: "If the UFO phenomenon is suggestive (imaginary), it could be only an hallucination of a very special kind, because we know that most observers are not psychotic subjects. (And) the hallucination theory could explain only the individual case. If we study sightings witnessed by groups of persons, then the problem takes on a different aspect. Psychiatrists have proven that it is impossible to produce the same hallucinations in different persons submitted to the same stressful situations. Also, if we take into consideration the cases in which the same UFO is sighted by different groups of observers placed at different locations and with no connection with each other, then the psychological explanation cannot stand. Because we would have to admit not only the reality of the group hallucination but also the reality of the psychotic transference of the hallucination from one group of people to another! This would be more fantastic and unscientific than the admission of the UFO's physical reality."

Unquote. Dr. Fontes was one of South America's leading gastroenterologists and well-qualified to speak on matters involving medicine and psychiatry.

So what have we? Strange objects which have been seen by groups of people—well-qualified people—not only in the United States but throughout the world. Some of these objects have been tracked on radar and others have been photographed. In future columns we will acquaint the reader with some of the more interesting and detailed incidents from the past as well as current reports.

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Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start on less than \$1000 of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed homeless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise

offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount—less than \$1000—and that amount I could borrow. I could work it as a one-man business while getting a start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop rent or other overhead. For transportation I could use the trunk of my family car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) But, best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume I could build. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And, I could build this little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts* out the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture



fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over \$40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start for less than \$1000. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

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